EDGER

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIV, NO. 45. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

An Island Vendetta

-:- Or, -:-

Sea Prisoners

By Willard E. Hawkins

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE CALDRON OF FATE.

If MATT BELLAMY had known in advance that his half-brother was second mate of the Argentina, it is doubtful whether he would have seized the opportunity of shipping aboard it as a common sailor. This despite the fact that the vessel afforded a welcome means for quitting a shore that had suddenly become too warm for comfort, as the result of the unfortunate outcome of a revolution in a minor South American republic.

Fresh from college, he had accepted the post of agent for a New York company. The position was nine-tenths political and one-tenth technical. Impressed with the importance of making himself agreeable to the government then in power, Bellamy had got on the losing side and had to flee. When he discovered his brother's presence aboard the ship it was too late to withdraw.

The relations between the two men, strained from infancy, had grown more intense with years. The lack of cordiality is perhaps explained by the fact that they were sons of one father and different mothers; Matt Bellamy bore the surname of their common parent; but Reuel Vogt the other would remain until his dying day.

Altho his pride revolted at the idea of taking orders from a man so offensive to him in every way, Matt had made the best of matters—until the lumbering craft foundered in a tempest, her side stove in by a hidden reef.

The details of the wreck are still a blur on Bellamy's mind. One by one the occupants of the life raft had succumbed to the buffeting of the storm, leaving at sunrise only the two most powerful, clinging, each with his last ounce of strength, to the timbers.

From all indications, the balance of the ship's company had been lost. Only the raft, with two days' rations lashed to the center, and its two human occupants, weathered the tempest.

Their situation was by no means the worst that could be imagined. Now that

the storm had passed, they were floating in peaceful waters, they possessed food sufficient for a week, if carefully husbanded, and water for a longer period. Yet, in spite of these blessings, the end of the second day found them both in dire straits for lack of nature's simple remedy—sleep.

The tropic sun beat down soothingly on their half-naked bodies. The buoyant raft rose and fell on the bosom of the deep with a cradling movement that was almost irresistible. Three days the vigil lasted. In that time neither closed an eye in actual slumber—which accounted for the fact that they were still alive at the end of the period. Their very souls cried out for sleep, yet they dared not close off for even so much as a few seconds. On the raft sleep had become synonymous with death.

Matt speculated vaguely how his companion would accomplish the result in case he himself should be the first to succumb. From occasional naps he had seen by the other, he suspected that Vogt's plan was to brain him with the water keg as he slept.

The ethics of the matter were clear. There were rations for two, sufficient to last possibly a week. One man could sustain life on the same amount of food for two weeks. His brother hated him and would have witnessed his death without regret under any circumstances. The conclusion was obvious.

Bellamy did not suspect that these thoughts were running thru the mind of his companion—he knew. Hence the necessity for defending himself until the other should be safely asleep. Just what measures would be necessary as a final resort he had not attempted to plan. He was prepared to go as far as circumstances might dictate.

Bellamy commenced to shout a college song at the top of his lungs. His voice was raucous from fatigue, and his memory refused to supply the proper melody, so that the result was extremely weird.

"Boola boola, boola boola;
Boola boola, boo-oo-oo-"

"Shut up!" snarled Vogt, clinching his hands in a spasm of nervous fury. Vogt's one incitement was to silence the music.

With scornful disregard, Bellamy continued monotonously:

"Boola boola——"

With a bellow of rage, Vogt sprang to his feet. He made a dive toward the center of the craft and effectually stemmed the concert.

It was one of the necessities of the situation that when one man dived for the water keg or provisions, the other must crouch over him alert and watchful for an attempt to filch an extra share or to improvise a weapon.

Vogt took the battered remnant of a tin cup and held it above the keg, then allowed a few drops of precious fluid to trickle forth, while Matt's eyes covered him jealously. When the cup contained the last drop of the meager allowance, the operation was repeated with poultous reversed. The men glared at each other with hostile glances, to their respective sides of the raft.

Too exceeding the strain had told tormentingly upon Bellamy. Once he passed the very portal of dreams and awoke to find himself at the throat of his companion, crouching almost halfway across the raft in his mad leaping. The terrible gleam in the other eyes, which faded as he drew back, kept Bellamy awake in horror for hours.

Presently he saw the head of his half-brother droop lower and lower upon his chest. Making absolutely sure, he waited, he closed his eyes for a brief moment; then, by a supreme effort, drew them open.

The head of Reuel Vogt, as he sat half erect, upheld by the support of arms outstretched like crucifix behind, had sunk closer to his shaggy chest. Was he asleep—or was this a ruse?

Thru a thickening mental haze Bellamy pondered the question. And with the thought came an involuntary relaxation of his taut mental fibers. Unconsciously he sleeps seemed to solve the problem up as immaterial, then sank limply to the boards.

He woke to find everything enveloped in inky darkness. He was drenched with spray, and the wind tore past him in gusts, chilling him into wakefulness. He had regained consciousness at an opportune time, for the raft was pitching with a violence that made the matter to remain on the right side of the planks.

His first thought was concerning Vogt. His apprehension was answered in a most dramatic manner. A blinding flash of lightning split the world in half, lighting for a brief instant the foam-flecked crests of waves and vividly outlining their black depths. As the darkness crash followed, Bellamy lunged toward the center of the raft.

The flash had also revealed the ocean in throes of agony had shown him the face of Reuel Vogt lingering upon him in exultation and fury, his hands on cask upheld in two naked arms overhead. The cask alighted with terrific force on the edge of the raft, and its shattered remnants went to join the other flotsam which tossed that night upon the deep.

Crazed with the spirit of the warring elements, the two writhed and tossed on the precarious surface of the planking, unmindful of the waves that washed across them or the rafts that bumped and scraped the bottom of their craft, threatening to crush it like a bit of froth at every plunge.

Only when they found themselves actually slipping over the tilted edge did the instinct of self-preservation prove supreme over passion. By common consent they separated apart and directed their energies toward the increasingly difficult task of maintaining handholds.

Bellamy now dimly perceived that this was no ordinary matter of weathering heavy seas. They were passing thru reefs, and it began to pierce his consciousness that nothing less than a miracle could bring the raft or its occupants thru unscathed.

The roar of the storm was already deafening. It gathered new energy and shook the ocean itself as it hit. It had not a morsel in the teeth of a worrying mastiff. Then, suddenly, the little support, with its dazed and buffeted occupants clinging one to either side, plunged against a hard surface with crashing violence.

Bellamy's arms were paralyzed from finger-tips to shoulder by the crash of contact. As they relaxed, he felt himself swept forward by an irresistible surge of water, which rolled him over and over, and left him, a crumpled, inanimate figure, high up on a sandy beach.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNKNOWN SHORE.

TWO buzzards, humped side by side on a crag overlooking the beach, regarded the recumbent figure that had been in conversational tones as if discussing the probability of life in the motionless body. The storm had subsided with the coming of the sun, and the ocean was quiet, except for the breakers. One of the buzzards hopped from his stage down the slanting crag. The other, cocking an eye doubtfully at the prospective meal, hesitated, then followed.

Matt Bellamy stirred, raised himself on one elbow, and stared around in bewilderment. The pain in his crushed left arm drew his body erect and took stock of his physical being. The inventory disclosed no broken bones. With a capacious glare at the discomfited buzzards he commenced picking his way along the sodden beach.

Every step sent shooting pains thru his muscles. His arms and fingers still ached from the effort to keep his grip on the raft's career. His mood could only have been described in the superlatives of gloom and despair.

A walk of a hundred yards or so along the beach in the warm sun limbered his muscles. The pain in his arm, joy of living penetrated his gloom. He paused to take stock of his predicament.

His attention was crying out insistently for recognition. The bare expanse of beach, the sea wall behind, and the waves that broke in long monotonous along the line of stilling this clamor.

His knowledge of their general position at the time of the wreck served him to feel tolerably certain that this was not the mainland. Presently he remained the inference that he had landed upon an island, but whether inhabited or uninhabited he had no means. Nor could he supply an answer to the question of rescue.

Presently, on an inspection of the cliffs, which rose, sheer and uninviting, to bar his inland progress, he started down the beach. He made his way along the base of the rocky wall, his thoughts reverted to Reuel Vogt. It was barely possible that the other, too, had been saved from the waves. The prospect caused him no joy, even the he did not relish the idea of being alone on the island. They had never been congenial; was it likely that propinquity should bring them a happy experience on the life raft argued otherwise.

Matt's absorption in this train of thought ended the next instant when he came with greater suddenness and horror. Until the sound of their hoarse cries aroused him, he had not noticed the feathered flock ahead. Now, as he looked up, he saw several buzzards which had withdrawn to the edge of the rock and were gazing at him with impatient ghoulish eyes. Then he saw that from which they had withdrawn at his approach. He drew back with a cry of repulsion.

In the shadow of the cliffs, half buried in drifted sand, lay what had recently been a man. The figure was huddled face downward on the beach. Tattered remnants of clothing mercifully concealed part of the body, but Matt had seen enough.

For a moment he stood motionless, then, making a detour, he ran forward in the direction he had been following. The formation of the beach and the suggestive impatience of the birds brought a sickening realization of the fate that might have awaited him.

So that was the end of Reuel Vogt!

A moment before Matt had been hoping that his life on the island was not to be rendered more unpleasant by the presence of the other man. Now that Reuel was dead, he could not bring himself to be relieved, even tho his own situation was simplified. And finding such ethical problems beyond him, he thrust the subject into the background. After one shuddering glance over his shoulder at the blackened spot, now a considerable distance away, he fell once more into his walking stride.

The brief spell of running had brought him to the point he had been hoping to find—a place where the cliffs were easily scalable.

Attaining the crest of the embankment, he stood gazing across a vista of tropical greenery that caused his spirits to rise immediately. The vegetation seemingly covered a wide expanse, altho the rise of the slope shut off all save a small area. He ran on, and at the ascent for several yards, until he obtained a glimpse of opal-green ocean over the crest. Then, with a wheoop of exultation, he ran toward the foliage.

He possessed enough knowledge of tropical vegetation to realize that he must avoid eating anything of which he was not entirely certain. His restraint was rewarded within an hour by the discovery of a banana tree bearing ripe fruit. He appeased the inner gnawing, then set forth on a search for fresh water.

His quest brought him thru a tangle of tree trunks, bushes, and creepers, almost to the center of the island.

Presently he parted the bushes and paused on the brink of a crystal pond, surrounded by a fringe of ferns and blossom. The verdure extended down to, and hung over, the water at the shore which he stood, forming a bank. On the opposite side the bank was bounded for some distance by a narrow stone ledge. Here, for a moment, he was entranced by the quiet, fairylike beauty, then drank deeply, finding the water cool and fresh.

Relieved of any present anxiety as to his ability to sustain life, Bellamy set forth to explore more of the island. Apparently there were no inhabitants, altho his explorations had thus far been confined to but one side of the pond, which lay toward the center of the island from the sheltered pool.

Toward nightfall he had succeeded in establishing a degree of mental fatigue and had accepted the situation with a certain degree of philosophy. The prospect of an endless succession of lonely days appalled him in anticipation.

He returned to the source of his water supply, casting speculative glances toward the sea. Presently he would busy himself with a view to erecting some kind of a shelter. As he entered the tangle of thick verdure about the pool, his ears detected a sound that brought him up sharply.

It came again, the unmistakable swish of water. His senses interpreted it as made by a creature bathing, or possibly an ostrich.

It might be an animal. It might be a savage Islander. Possibly a warrior tribe had landed for a brief period and would return to the island. Here was the opportunity to bathe in waters immune from sharks. It behooved Matt to be cautious.

He parted the branches with the least possible rustling, and steeled himself for anything, from a wild animal to a savage head-hunter. Anything, in fact, rather than the astonishing sight that met his incredulous eyes.

CHAPTER III.

QUEEN OF THE DOMAIN.

NOT fifty feet away, on the bare stone ledge of the basin, reposed the most exquisite bathing girl Matt had ever seen.

"Shades of Bar Harbor!" he exclaimed inaudibly. "Is this a mirage of Newport?"

There are two distinct kinds of bathing girls—the kind you usually see at the beach and the kind you see on magazine covers. The girl Matt Bellamy discovered, idly swishing her bare feet thru the surface of the water, had last season's most fetching magazine success beaten the length of the board walk.

How such a vision in tan and orange came to be disporting herself on this uninhabited island, Matt was too dazed even to speculate. He withdrew into the obscurity of the vines to recover his scattered senses.

No sooner had he allowed the leaves to hide the bewitching sight than he became assured that he had passed over the boundary line of mental collapse and had the monstrous fancy that this did not exist. Just to make sure, he drew a long breath and looked once more between the branches toward the stone ledge. The vision was gone, as he had more than half anticipated.

Then there was a dazzling splash only a few yards to his right. The next instant Bellamy had plunged into the water, had seized the girl by arm and fair, startled face of the girl.

She turned and struck out for the opposite shore, apparently terrified by his offense. "And after I frightened you I had to keep on for fear you'd escape," he explained. His voice sounded odd in his voice which seemed to pierce her terror. She studied him more calmly.

"There is nothing else to explain," he inquiringly, then went on with sudden enlightenment: "Oh, you came from the steamer that passed the island. I saw it coming. Where did you anchor?"

"The vessel I came on," he explained, "stayed halfway. They sent me on alone."

He accompanied the words with a smile. He was not aware of how much more ruffianly the smile made his bruised, shaggy face appear, he certainly would have been startled had he noticed her apprehensively.

"Not shipwrecked! Oh, how awful! And you must be hungry and—and——" She paused, as if not quite certain. Then she added, "I made quite elaborate circumstances.

"I am all right physically," he asserted, "but I really crave is information. Who lives here with you—and where did you learn about this yacht you mentioned?"

"We were expecting it today—or tomorrow," she replied, answering relatively. "Where were you bound for—the ship that was wrecked, I mean."

"San Francisco," Matt took him.

"I had a sudden fear," she explained, "that it might have been the yacht. Mr. Horace Leavering—you can't escape now; but I shouldn't be surprised if he arrived a day or so early."

"Mr. Horace Leavering," Bellamy. "The name seems to jog some kind of a memory spring, but I can't place the connection." He stood in attitude of deep a moment's reflection. "Bellamy is my name," he informed her. "I don't wish to force you to tell me the name of your party, but that yacht you speak of sounds good to me. I should be glad to forego the pleasure of a visit from civilization—or I can work my way. I've done it before."

"Of course," she shall insist on your being our guest while here, and I am sure Mr. Frosliip will have no thought of letting you work your way." She spoke in a rather forced tone, he thought. She hesitated, then met his eyes with evidence of embarrassment. "Our party is not a large one. Until you came, my self and I have been the only people on the island."

"Your husband!" The calm statement affected Bellamy like a plunge into cold water. He had not once pictured such a possible being.

"My name is Ruth Leavering," she added, "Mrs. Horace Leavering. And it seems to be growing dark. My husband will probably have returned by this time."

The shelter to which she led the way was so completely hidden by rocks and thick verdure that it is not strange he had missed it earlier in the day. It lay to the north of the pond's inlet, and Matt's investigations had been confined to the north. It was a portable cottage of corrugated iron, a tiny bungalow, a most remarkable dwelling for such an isolated place, and more remarkable in its tasteful, the simple, furnishings.

Searching for a reason why husband and wife should have thus been left alone on the island, Bellamy's mental decision was "Honeymooners." She did not offer to enlighten him.

She directed him to her husband's

WE STRONGLY recommend "AN ISLAND VENDETTA; or, SEA PRISONERS," in this issue, to readers of the Ledger. You will find it a mighty good story. Next week's feature will be a particularly fine detective story, entitled, "TELLTALE FOOTPRINTS; or, A RANCH TRAGEDY," by Wilder Anthony. You will find it a treat. Some of the best stories in all the history of the Ledger will appear in these papers during the next few months. If you want to make some one a present, why not give him or her a year's subscription to the LEDGER? They would get lots of entertainment and fun out of it. Try it once.

room. His rather weak protests against appropriating another man's wardrobe were overruled. Mrs. Leavering assured him that her husband would feel hurt if he refused to avail himself of such hospitality as they could offer. He was glad to array himself in an outfit of dry clothing, after a much-needed shave. Half an hour later, the man who appeared at the table was in perfect control of materially in appearance from the one who had plunged into the water after a fancied vision in orange and white. Mrs. Leavering rewarded him with a glance of surprise. For an instant the sailor he was unconcealed.

She had changed her bathing suit for a nautical-looking blue costume, which suited her to perfection. In addition, she had completed setting a rustic table for three on the shaded porch.

"Mr. Leavering is very late," she observed. "Perhaps we had better commence without waiting for his return."

The lunch, it seemed, provided almost every delicacy known to civilization which can be scientifically preserved. And it was augmented by several varieties of fruit, vegetables, and relishes found in a wild state upon the island.

"This is too good to be true," commented the visitor. "When I came upon you I had reconciled myself to an animal existence for perhaps the rest of my life. You can imagine my surprise at seeing you. If you had told me you were a mermaid, I would have accepted your word without a doubt. Even that would have seemed more probable than finding a real live American woman in a hut-of-the-wild place."

"You were fortunate in your time of arrival," she replied. "Within a day or so the island will be uninhabited."

There was listlessness in her attitude that caused him to wonder.

"You will be glad to leave?" he inquired, regarding her curiously.

"So glad that it almost seems as if a few hours more of waiting will kill me. Six months of the enforced Swiss Family Robinson business has been—quite sufficient."

"Yet I judge you are here by your own free will."

"That is true. One of the reasons why I consented to accompany Reuel was that I believed I would enjoy the spice of adventure. I thought I was bored by New York."

"And don't you enjoy it?"

"Adventure? There hasn't been any. As a rest cure I can recommend this life wholeheartedly. Nothing exciting or disturbing to the nerves has happened since we landed here in March."

Her last words had set him figuring.

"What was the date on which you expected your relief?" he inquired.

"Mr. Froelich is to call for us on the third of September," she replied. "My husband has been marking off the days on the calendar, and that is the second."

Matt stared at her in astonishment. The date of his hasty departure from South America had been the tenth of September!

"What is it?" she demanded, noting his manner.

"Nothing, nothing!" he hastily replied. "But I wish I could remember in what connection I saw that name. Froelich, mentioned in the newspapers just before sailing."

CHAPTER IV.
DISQUIETUDE.

BELLAMY was for improvising a shelter for the night, but Mrs. Leavering declared that he should occupy the comfortable cot in the absent husband's sleeping-room that night. To his protests she replied that they were too far from civilization to bother particular about conventions. Her husband would undoubtedly return during the night. She was a light sleeper and would intercept him when he arrived. With some reluctance Bellamy at length retired.

When he emerged the next morning, he fully expected to find Leavering on hand; but there was no evidence of his presence.

"Not back yet?" inquired Matt, with an increase of wonder.

She shook her head negatively, not seeming to be greatly concerned.

"But he wouldn't leave you alone so many hours unless something—" he began. He paused, not wishing to alarm her.

"He often does it," she responded evenly. "Sometimes he does not come home for days together."

Bellamy kept his opinion of Leavering to himself. It was not favorable. Also he wondered if her lack of interest or vague suspicion that Leavering might be a myth caused him to glance at her sharply.

"My husband," she explained, "is a scientist. He is having a perfectly glorious time studying the flora and insect life on this island. Undoubtedly his investigations have taken him so far from home that he did not think it worth while to return."

No wonder she was bored, reflected Matt, with a husband to whom she meant as little as that.

"I suppose," he observed, "that when he returns from these trips he checks off the number of days on the calendar so that it will be brought up to date?"

She assented. "I never touch it, because that might cause confusion."

This explained the discrepancy as to the date which Bellamy had last night noted. The absent-minded naturalist, no doubt, had frequently forgotten to mark down the days and the reckoning had been gradually falling behind.

"Even in case your rescuer should fail you, no doubt others will come to take you off eventually," suggested Matt.

"He won't fail us," she returned rather sharply.

Matt felt inclined to pursue the subject further, but a certain reluctance to intrude where he might be unwelcome caused him to select a book from the small case and to take his seat on the veranda. But the pages of the book remained unturned.

An unrest—it could hardly be called a premonition—was coming to the forefront of his consciousness. The feeling was undefined, but it could not be shaken off. The bits of information that he possessed concerning the island were innocent enough when taken separately, but as a whole they gave him the impression that the situation had peculiar aspects.

One thing was certain. The relief yacht had failed of its appointment.

Impelled by his uneasiness of mind, Matt rose and passed thru the house, examining the books, the specimens that testified to the tastes of the absent naturalist, and then he inspected the larder. If their stay was to be prolonged, it would be well to know how they stood in that respect. Stored in a dugout, or cellar, at the rear, he was relieved to find a goodly supply of canned eatables.

Still he kept up the aimless inspection. He possessed all the instincts of searching, without knowing what it was that he sought.

When he came upon the latest model automatic pistol in the litter on Leavering's table, he experienced a thrill of relief that seemed almost an answer to the question. His spirits rose in a most peculiar manner as he held the cold weapon in the palm of his hand. It was as if the demands of the situation had been met in some manner by the possession of the weapon.

"Where are the cartridges?" he called to the girl, whom he could see on the veranda, thru the partly open door.

"You will find no knowledge thereof part of the chest," she responded, without removing her eyes from the horizon.

A moment later he appeared before her on the threshold.

"These are the wrong ones," he said, apologetically. "The revolver is .32 caliber, and these are .38."

"I know it," she responded, turning slowly to face him. "But it doesn't matter particularly. We are the only ones and there is little or no wild game to be had."

"Do you mean there is no revolver to fit these cartridges, and no cartridges to fit the revolver?"

"Yes," she responded, with a trace of bitterness.

He stared a moment in dismay, then turned and replaced the useless articles where he had discovered them. He was shaken by the disappointment all out of proportion to the cause. And in his mind another black mark was scored against the bungling scientist-husband.

He informed Mrs. Leavering of his intention to explore a little of the island. "I won't be long," he assured her, "and there doesn't seem any danger."

"I shall be perfectly safe," she replied tranquilly. "It is no new experience for me to be alone."

Half-unwillingly he allowed his steps to take him back over the trail he had followed the previous evening. The beach was unattractive and possessed no happy associations; but there was something upon it that he wished to see, while at the same time dreading it. The body of the dead man drew him with terrible fascination; he scarcely knew why.

The buzzards had nearly completed their work. The remains were little more than a heap of bones swathed in tattered cloth. Bellamy steeled himself to examine them as closely as should be necessary.

The result did not surprise him, as might have been expected. He had been impelled to pay this visit by a half-knowledge of what he would find. Now

"I shall be perfectly safe," she replied.

it seemed to him that he had known from the moment Ruth Leavering mentioned her husband that the dead body was not that of Reuel Vogt.

A half-buried butterfly net a short distance from the spot completed the identification. The wall of the cliff rose above him sheer and uncompromising. It told in mute language of a fall from which no human being could have escaped alive.

Matt glanced around for a means of interring the bones. Nothing else seeming to offer, he scooped up the sand with a piece of flat driftwood, until they were decently covered beneath a shallow mound. Then he turned away with a sense of depression.

He had never known the scientist, yet now that the man was dead he began to feel a sort of pitying friendship toward him. Impractical, utterly incompetent to care for his girl-wife, no doubt he had been. Still, Matt found that from the first he had felt more than a little impatient attitude toward her husband. No doubt Horace Leavering was once a very simple, likable fellow. How Matt dreaded the ordeal of breaking the news!

Another thought drove away these reflections as he retraced his steps. Reuel Vogt had not been accounted for. In all probability he had gone to the bottom of the sea, but there existed a faint chance that he had lived and was at large upon the island. The thought lent additional speed to Bellamy's returning footsteps.

On his arrival at the dwelling he found Ruth Leavering strangely agitated. Her countenance was pale as from a great fright, and as he appeared before her in the open door, a stifled scream betrayed the shattered condition of her nerves.

"What has happened?" gasped Bellamy, startled at the change in her.

CHAPTER V.
SEEDS OF SUSPICION.

SOMETHING far out of the ordinary must have been responsible for bringing the girl to such a state of collapse. Bellamy knew as certainly as if he had been told that Reuel Vogt was involved—that he was alive and had stumbled upon the retreat.

For a moment she seemed unable to answer. As she fought for self-control, he momentarily expected her to swoon. Slowly the color flowed back into her cheeks.

"Did you see—anything?" she demanded, with eyes fixed upon him.

"Nothing," he replied. "What happened? Tell me all about it."

"You saw nothing at all—unexpected —or unusual?"

Her persistence and the intensity of her gaze disconcerted him.

"Why, no," he repeated. "Did he bother you much?"

She was instantly on the alert. "Who?" she demanded. "Did who bother me?"

"I merely surmised," he replied somewhat startled that she had been having an unwelcome caller."

"You saw him?"

"No. But I had a suspicion that there was another man on the island—an unpleasant character."

She moistened her lips, but her steady gaze never left him. "Can you describe him?"

"The probabilities are that he looked a great deal as I did when you first saw me. He has a crop of brick-red hair, heavy jaw—"

"That describes him exactly," she exclaimed almost eagerly. "How came you to know about him?"

Matt explained briefly, but suppressed the detail concerning her husband, deferring the unpleasant news as long as possible.

"He came upon me unexpectedly as I reclined there reading," she said, speaking rapidly. "Some way his appearance frightened me. I think he was equally taken aback, for I had time to recover and to slip into the house. When I came out, carrying the revolver, he was still standing where I first saw him. When I demanded his business, he shrugged his shoulders and started to walk away."

"Started?"

"Yes. I called him back. I really had no reason for thinking he meant to molest me, and I did not wish to be guilty of the cruelty of turning him away without food. I directed him how to get supplies from the cellar. He refused at first, but I insisted, and finally he went away with a sackful of supplies."

"It must have been an ordeal for you —alone and unprotected."

"It unnerved me terribly," she responded. He glanced at her sharply. There was something so inconsequential in her manner of meeting his queries.

"He is a dangerous man to have for an enemy. Reuel Vogt is capable of the worst that is in man."

"I can't believe that he is so formidable as all that."

The statement surprised Matt. From the estimate she had exhibited, he had been led to believe that the man had shown the most evil side of his nature.

"Don't make the mistake of underestimating him," was his reply. "I must give Reuel Vogt credit for nerve and resourcefulness and ordinary bravery. If he had the stability to match the rest of his qualities, he would be a ship owner, perhaps, instead of a murderer."

She listened apathetically. Matt regarded her with an uneasy, speculative glance. Her manner was short-lived. Then another disturbing reflection caused him to speak.

"I hope he didn't leave the larder in a depleted condition."

"Why?"

"Well, because——" He hesitated to tell her that there was a probability that they were in for a long stay on the island.

"I know what you started to say," she interrupted. "The relief yacht has failed us. Mr. Froelich was to call for us on the third. It is now the twenty-second of September."

"How—how did you learn?" he stammered.

"I made some calculations while you were absent. You are afraid we may never be rescued. I have begun to feel that way myself—"

Matt accepted the explanation, but he was becoming more and more apprehensive. The fact of his half-brother's presence was disturbing to him, but in addition the manner of his hostess was inexplicable. Her statement as she related it did not sound extremely satisfying. Yet on his return she had exhibited evidences of having passed thru a frightful mental strain. Perhaps, tho, this was accounted for by her discovery that the relief yacht had failed to keep its appointment.

Dusk had commenced to gather. They seated themselves on the veranda, Matt taking the precaution to carry the automatic in his pocket in case of emergencies. It looked dangerous, at any rate.

Pondering on the events of the day, it was some time before he became aware of the nature of a tiny object in front of the steps, altho he had been uncon-

(Continued on Page 9.)

The Quadroon's Hate

-:- Or, -:-

One Man's Folly

By Ella Martin

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 43, October 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

As MR. HASTINGS entered the room where the man from the West awaited him, he experienced a sudden enlightenment of the mind. He believed he knew why this man had sought an audience with him. Cecil had come to the locality to meet Ila clandestinely, and something had happened to upset his plans. Cecil had disappeared and Avon Walters was about to demand his friend at his hands.

A tall, manly form stood looking from the window. He turned as he heard Mr. Hastings' step and came toward him. The latter could not help noting the well-knit figure, the dark eyes and frank open features. This man was of the open, a denizen of the prairies, used to wind, free life and fresh air. Even his stalwart form attested. Yet he was as much a gentleman in appearance as Lloyd Charleston, the idol of ballrooms and afternoon teas.

"I must ask your pardon for disturbing you at this early hour," he said, as Mr. Hastings bowed stiffly in acknowledgment of his presence there. "My business is important."

"Pray be seated," Mr. Hastings said, dropping wearily into a chair. The strain of the last twelve hours was telling upon him.

"Thank you," Walters said, and seated himself on the invitation. He too was under a strain of worry, and had been without rest or sleep since the moment he had pressed the short note Cecil had intrusted him with into the hand of Electra, Ila's dusky maid.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Walters?" asked the host, seeing that he did not at once come to the point.

"I am afraid nothing, sir," Walters replied, "unless you can throw some light about the whereabouts of my partner, Cecil Lynd, whom I am seeking. He left me in town last evening while he drove to the Crossroads."

He paused, not feeling free to say more, and Mr. Hastings spoke.

"I understand," he said. "He came there to meet my daughter."

Ignoring this remark, Walters went on: "The time set for his return being long past, I set out to learn if possible what had delayed him. I feared there might have gone wrong with the car. I thought, too, he would need my assistance. I could find no trace of him or his car. There are no tire tracks visible beyond the spot where mine ended and no other. He had his machine have vanished as if into the air. It is as if he had enveloped them. I thought," he added, hesitatingly, "he might have come here."

He looked straight at his host, whose glance did not waver, and instinctively he knew that his host had no guilty knowledge of what had befallen Cecil.

"No," replied Mr. Hastings, slowly and wearily, as he threaded his hair with his fingers, "he has not been here to my knowledge. But he must have got word to Ila, asking her to meet him at the Crossroads."

"And yet, I am told that your daughter is here. They did not elope, then? It is only Cecil who has disappeared."

"She is here, ill and in fever and delirium; her mind, even her life, despaired of, unless we can find and bring Mr. Lynd to her bedside."

"Ah, then," said Walters, his eyes lighting with relief, "I will ask you. You will bury the hatchet and help me to find my friend—for your child's sake. If for no other reason."

"I will bury the hatchet," replied Mr. Hastings, rising. "My only objection to my daughter's union with Mr. Lynd is because of the feud between our ancestors. Mr. Lynd is an exceptional young man. There were other reasons why I had wished Ila to marry another. Now that the other has proved himself unworthy I withdraw my objection. My daughter's life depends upon it. Will you come with me and see in what condition this last night's events have plunged her?"

Without a word Avon Walters followed Mr. Hastings from the room, going up the broad steps of the front staircase to the chamber in which Ila Hastings lay. It was a spacious apartment, furnished in blue and old gold. The lace curtains, like cobweb in their delicacy, were drawn back from the windows, that the cool morning air might circulate more freely thru the room. The bed stood in the center, and Ila lay with her golden head on the pillows, sometimes quietly, but frequently tossing from side to side, her lips murmuring disconnected sentences.

The nurse left the room as they entered, but Lois, who stood at the foot of the bed, remained for a few moments. At the sight of Avon Walters she was too surprised and confused to move. Again a rosy flush swept over her face. It was not that she had more than a friendly feeling for him, as Avon well knew. But out in Montana the past summer, while she was visiting her father's sister, he had tried to win her love—a love that she then believed to be in the keeping of Lloyd Charleston. She bluned with shame for having repulsed him for the sake of one who had proved himself a villain.

As for Avon, he also went white at sight of the girl he loved standing there in the dawn of the morning, looking more beautiful than ever with the rosy tint of embarrassment upon her cheeks. He had not expected this meeting, and for an instant he was silent. Lois bowed gravely and extended her hand. Immediately he gained command of himself. He took the hand, slightly inclined with a bow and smile of recognition. His dark eyes sought hers and held them. No word was spoken, but Lois gave him an answering smile, tho her eyes were misty. Then she gently withdrew her hand and left him alone with her father at Ila's bedside.

For a space they stood in silence. Then the father spoke: "After a while she will come to herself, and the crisis be past, but with some dreadful meaning. Ah, she is about to speak! Listen!"

Both men bent over the bed silently while the pale lips murmured words pregnant with meaning, if they could but understand.

"It was at the Crossroads, the note said. I was to meet him——"

Avon clinched his hands. His part in the tragedy was to deliver that fatal note, and but for its reception she would not have been in that condition.

"He was there," Ila went on, "dead, dead! Oh, Cecil, are you dead? Where did the blood come from that clotted my hands—there is blood upon them! Cecil, it was not I who did it! I loved you so, Cecil! I would not have hurt a hair of you."

She stopped and moaned and then babbled again, the two men listening with wet eyes.

"I will go and get you, Cecil, if you are dead," the plaintive voice went on. "You cannot walk to me, I must go and fetch you. You mustn't stay there, at the Crossroads, always. I'm coming, Cecil, I'm coming."

She struggled to rise, but with gentle hands Mr. Hastings restrained the fevered head back upon the pillows and summoned the nurse. Then he conducted his caller down the stairs and back to the reception-room.

"You know the host said, "we can make nothing of it, except that she must have gone to meet him, and that something had happened on the road for to believe he is dead. Could he by any possibility have failed to meet her there?"

"Not if he was alive at the appointed hour. He is as much a slave to the code as I am, Mr. Hastings. It was Cecil's secret, so I felt called upon not to mention it. But I feel that I ought to, in the tragic turn I feel that I ought to disclose what I know concerning Mr. Lynd's intentions."

"They were to elope. Cecil planned it, and intrusted the note to me to deliver to your daughter. I will add that I carried out his instructions. He was to await her appearance at the place designated the following morning, and he kept the appointment. What she found there we can only conjecture. But she speaks of blood-stained hands, her hands, and says that he is dead."

Mr. Hastings trembled as he met the eyes of Avon Walters. Many strange ideas were darting thru his brain. Ila was out of her senses. Was it possible that he had misjudged her, and that during her into a marriage that was distasteful to her? Had it turned her brain, and had the abhorring under a delusion, murdered her sweetheart? The thought made him dizzy with apprehension. Among such words delivered the nervous tension which seemed to hold him in a vise-like grip.

"Don't you see how it is? Don't you understand? Cecil was on his way to keep the appointed place. But too late! Cecil Lynd had been murdered!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

AFTER parting with Lois Hastings, Nepha, the quadroon, sped straight to the Crossroads on her way to Negro Jim's, in a clearing in the wood beyond. It was at Negro Jim's that her half-sister, Lygia, had found shelter after her abandonment by Lloyd Charleston.

The house in the woods was a two-story building, erected by a gentleman from the North, who intended bringing his invalid wife there for a change of climate. But his wife had died before the place was in readiness, and he had installed the negro couple with their son, Mose, as caretakers. There were fields, which the family tilled, and a barnyard containing fowls and their one mule, while a couple of cows grazed among the trees beyond the clearing. A grass-grown wagon track led up to the house, so infrequently traveled that it was scarcely noticeable where it turned off from the road.

It was nearing dawn when Nepha, the quadroon, drove the automobile containing the unconscious form of Cecil Lynd up to the front veranda and called to Negro Jim. The old darky, not yet arisen, after some delay poked his head thru an upper window and inquired as to what was wanted.

"It is I, Jim. It is Nepha. Dress yourself and come here quickly. Call Chloe and Mose. I have an injured man here whom I want you to care for while I fetch a doctor."

"Fo' de Lawd, honey, yo' doan say so?"

The head disappeared, and shortly afterward the three inhabitants of the house in the woods appeared to lend assistance. Cecil was lifted carefully and carried into the house, where he was put to bed and means applied to bring him back to consciousness.

Mose was hitching the mule to the spring wagon when his father came into the room. "Yo' stay right here, Mose, fo' de doctor," he said. "Yo' mammy knows jest what to do, boy. De gentleman down town is a doctor, sho'."

Nepha, standing on the veranda, waiting for Mose to bring the rig around, heard these words and re-entered the house, and running up the stairs passed before the door of his chamber.

"Chloe, may I come in?" she asked in a low tone.

The negress opened the door, and Nepha, entering, looked into the wide-open eyes of Cecil Lynd. He was sitting on the bedside.

"I was going for a doctor," she said, "but I see now you do not want one. Does that mean you are not seriously hurt?"

"It is only a flesh wound," he answered. "I am weak from loss of blood, but otherwise all right. Who are you?"

"You must not talk until you are stronger," Nepha said gently. "Chloe can nurse you, if that is all you need. And she makes such nourishing broths. Now, Chloe, mammy, you will see that he has already caught the idea, and was turning toward the door. "that Mr.—the gentleman—must be faint from hunger."

"I will fetch somethin' right away, honey," the negress got out of the door as she said this, and Nepha turned to the patient.

"Do you want the assassin hunted down?" she asked.

"No, I wish the affair kept secret for a time, at least. My presence in this vicinity was not generally known, and I will not be missed. Can these people be trusted to do nothing?"

"Yes; I can vouch for that. Few people come to this out-of-the-way place, but one will think of looking for you here."

"I will reward them," he said, "for their care of me. I must rest and grow strong; then will I hunt down my own assailant myself and punish him as he deserves." Then, suddenly, "Who brought me here?"

"I did," Nepha answered. "I found you by the roadside, while on my way to this place. I am grateful to you, both because it was the nearest shelter, and I thought you would need medical attention."

He reached for her hand and raised it to his lips. "You are a brave girl," he said fervently. "I am grateful to you. But pardon me if I do not tell you my name. I am among enemies; I must go as I came—in secret."

"An enemy must have found you before I did," Nepha said. "Will you not tell me his name? You can trust me."

"Ah, I have yet to learn that," he cried. "He crept upon me in the dark in the shadows among which I was waiting."

"Yes, I know. Then he escaped in his car. I understand more of this matter than you do, I think. But you must not talk any more. I will see you again."

At the door she turned and looked back. The blue eyes of Cecil Lynd were upon her. The clear-cut, handsome features of the wounded man wore an inquiring expression.

"I will say this much," she volunteered, "that your enemy is mine. I will guard you from his hate until you are well, and then——"

He lifted himself to his elbow, his eyes shone eagerly. "Ah, then I shall call him to account for his dastardly attack! I shall not appeal to the law; I will deal with the coward myself—if I can learn who he is. And you can tell me, I can see that plainly."

He sank back among the pillows, exhausted from his exertion. The hand he raised to brush the fair hair from his brow trembled. Nepha returned to his side and endeavored to quiet his excitement. Then, straightening the pillows and counterpane, as a nurse would have done, she glided from the room. His wound had been dressed, and she knew that Chloe would not turn over the case to her. Nursing was something she negress excelled in and delighted in doing.

Cecil closed his eyes as soon as the quadroon was gone, and tried to be calm. His head was throbbing and he felt a dizziness creeping over him. He feared that he would faint again, and so he endeavored to quiet his tumultuous feelings. The wound was in his left shoulder, and he knew by that he believed it was not dangerous, and that it would heal in a short time. He chafed at the delay the injury would cause him. What had become of Ila, he wondered. If she had received his message, why had she not come to him? What would she think of his silence—a silence that was enforced, tho she could not know that? Would she have faith in him and await his next move? If she had only kept the trust they would have been on their way to the north now, and this thing would never have happened. Who was it that had stabbed him in the dark? It had only been within a few moments he was aware of his enemies at all.

He tried to stop thinking, and last there quiet for a while. Then he started up with a cry and opened his eyes. Had they succeeded in marrying Ila to Lloyd Charleston? Ah, that was the reason she had not come to him! It was impossible. And now he believed he had guessed the riddle aright. Lloyd had found out the plot and the way to Hastings Place and the wedding. Avon Walters might also have met with foul play at the hands of Lloyd Charleston. He had not known he was there, or she surely would have come to him at the Crossroads. He was a match for Lloyd Charleston by now, and lost to him forever.

He groaned at the thought, and again became unconscious. That night he was in a high fever. Chloe brewed herbs and would take no rest or sleep until she had conquered the fever and had her patient sleeping sleep. Then she went wanted to assist her in caring for the wounded man, but the negress would not hear of it.

"Fo' mammy knows more about this yeah sort o' business," she said compulsively, "than you do, honey. I'll nurse him."

"Ah, yes!" Nepha cried contritely; "I had almost forgotten her. And yet it was for her sake I became mixed up in this affair. I will go to her at once. Call me if you need me, Chloe, and send Jim for the doctor if it becomes best. We must take no risks with this stranger's life."

"I can tend to him, honey," Chloe replied. "Yo' can rest easy 'bout dat."

Nepha hurried along the hall, at the farther end of which was a large apartment. It was in front of the rest of the chamber, and there were large windows thru which one obtained a pleasant view of the forest. Beyond the forest lay beyond that was unbroken forest. There were lace curtains at the windows, and comfortable furniture upholstered in flowered cretonne. On the floor was a hit-and-miss rag carpet. On the bed which stood in the center lay Lygia, her black eyes fixed on the door thru which Nepha entered. Like her half-sister, she was of a light brown complexion. If any, of the strain of negro blood. She was beautiful, with a lily-pale loveliness that was the envy of fairer girls. Her lips were red and shaped like those belonging to the white race.

It was because of that bad attracted Lloyd Charleston and led him into a hasty and clandestine marriage. He had been in love with one of these girls, and for that reason he wished the marriage kept secret. But he never dreamed that there was a drop of the hated blood of the African race flowing in her fair body. He had been as much in love with Lygia Gray as he had ever been with the several belles of society to whom he had at different times appeared devoted.

After a year of honeymoon spent together in St. Augustine, the birth of a child had complicated matters. He had begun to tire of the monotony of his existence, with only one woman for companionship, when in his home city he was idolized by all the belles of marriageable years. It was then that he had told her that their marriage was not legal, that she had never been his wife.

As long as she remained silent, he said, he would send her money for her support and that of the child. Lygia

(Continued on page 5.)

had been overwhelmed with grief, and had begged him to marry her for the sake of the boy, whom she had named for his father. He had coldly repulsed her, and leaving a large sum of money, he closed the door between himself and her pleading eyes and was gone.

Then her love had turned to gall. For her boy's sake she had kept the money. It was only right that he should not come to want. And knowing of no other place where she would find welcome, she had come to Negro Jim's. Chloe would believe her story and give her shelter. She was once more in the vicinity of Charleston Hall, but she had never used the name of her betrayer when explaining her situation to Chloe.

It was more than a year now since she had come to the house in the woods. She had not grown strong after the birth of her baby, and it was feared she was going into a decline. For the last few weeks she had been confined to her bed, and Nepha had visited her often, but now when she entered she was surprised at the pallor of her face.

"Lygia!" she exclaimed in a shocked tone, as she took the child's hands and stroked them softly. "You are not worse are you, sister? And where is Lloyd?"

"Over there in his little bed. It would be better for him if he could go, too, when I die. He has no name. The world will deal harshly with him, my sister."

Nepha straightened up haughtily. She was the elder and the mistress of the manner, nor patient like her. "Indeed, he has a name," she avowed firmly, "and a legacy one is thankful for." Her black eyes flashed fire, and her voice rose till the sleeping child stirred in his crib. "Hear me, Lygia, and believe that I speak the truth, for I have the proof of what I say in my bosom. You are Lloyd Charlston's wife, and have been for two years, and your child is legal heir to Charlston Hall. And he, villain and reprobate that he is, has known it all along!"

Lygia sat up in bed excitedly, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, her eyes wide and eager. "Show me the proof, Nepha!" she cried. "Show it to me quickly!"

Nepha drew the marriage certificate from her dress. "I have tried to get it ever since he deserted you, Lygia, but have never been able to get hold of the keys until lately. He grew careless, as time passed and you did not appear to put forth a claim to your rights. He never dreamed you were related to me, a servant of his household, and protege of his aunt. Ah, I surprised him somewhat last night by nothing the new relationship to him as well as to you, after I had purloined the certificate!"

"Now, you dared to steal it! Oh, sister, he is a bad man. He will surely seek revenge upon us both. You did not bring me hidden here?"

"Indeed, no! And Lygia, do you know that this place is the asylum of Cecil Lloyd?"

"The man whose sweetheart Lloyd married last night?"

"The man whose sweetheart Lloyd Charlston failed to marry last night."

Her sister sank back among the pillows, half unconscious, and Nepha thought best not to tell her of the ceremony he had gone thru with Lois Hastings, and how it had all ended.

"You will get better now, my sister," Nepha urged. "You will try to grow strong for your son's sake, and help me fight the battle for his inheritance—the Charlston name and the Charlston estate."

"I will do it," cried the invalid, rising to her elbow. "I will join you in the struggle for my rights and those of my child. I will live, not for revenge, but for triumph."

"And I," said Nepha, "shall live for revenge."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MASTER OF CHARLSTON HALL.

WHEN Lloyd Charlston, after committing himself in his anger, heard the accusing words of Lois Hastings, and saw her accusing finger pointed at his breast, he was taken aback with fright.

"It is blood!" Lois had cried. "Blood! Ah, now I understand!" And he had shrunk from her accusing eyes, and without a word had turned and left the room, left her free to go, if she willed. Once in his own room he faced himself in a mirror and examined the spot on his shirt-front. It was blood, indeed, though he had not noticed it. It was what Lois had seen at the altar, and it accounted for her strange accusation against him, confronted him. He rang for Sam.

"Bring me a clean shirt," he ordered, "this is bedraggled and stained."

It was not often that the master took pains to explain to any one, much less his servants, the reason for extravagance, and struck Sam as out of the ordinary. Lloyd had complimented him upon his intelligence frequently, but being the easiest way to get prompt and willing service from him, and now the young darky had come to believe in his own superior intellect. No doubt the compliment reminded of his shrewdness had sharpened the young fellow's wits. He did as he was bidden and received the soiled garment in exchange for the one he had fetched.

"Is there a fire anywhere in the house, Sam?"

"No, marse; de weather am too warm."

"Then build one somewhere and chuck that shirt into it. I want it burned to destroyed. I don't care to keep my wedding garments to remind me of what an unmitigated fool I've been, Sam," he added, as an afterthought, "you may have the rest of the outfit. Only, burn the shirt, as I have bidden you."

"Yes, marse, I shore will," replied the negro, taking the clothes his master thrust thru the door. "Dey shall burn."

It had occurred to Lloyd that in order to make the darky believe they were hateful garments he was destroying, being his wedding clothes he would have to discard the whole suit, and the boy would never mistrust why he wanted the shirt burned.

"And, Sam," he said, calling the negro back, "say nothing to any one about what has become of the shirt."

"No, marse, I won't. I done be silent as de grave."

Lloyd uttered an oath as soon as the boy was out of sight. He began to fear he had overdone the affair. He expected to be as silent as the grave suggested that he may have suspected there was dire necessity for his silence. Suppose, in fact, at about the same time that Lois regained her parents' roof, and Nepha was guiding Cecil Lloyd's steps to the wounded and unconscious form over the grass-grown road leading into the wood to Negro Jim's habitation—Lloyd once more rang for his servant.

"Sam," he said, when that individual appeared, "bring Nepha to me as soon as you can find her. I want to see her about her on important business. She may not be on the plantation at all. There is no telling for she has permission to leave last night. That wench has the devil's own temper!"

"Deed, she has, marse."

"I don't want your opinion. I want your obedience," snapped Lloyd. "Now, find Nepha, if she is within the whole country ever for her. Don't show up until you have found her."

"I obey, master."

His master closed the door in no gentle manner, for he was in no gentle frame of mind. He was tired, and was wroth with the whole universe. "Curse her!" he muttered, thinking of Nepha. "I must make my peace with her, at any price—even to half of my inheritance—or she will not rest till she has me behind prison bars. She knows too much. That marriage with Lygia was only a mistake in my life, and is likely to cause me trouble if I don't look sharp.

"And yet I loved Lygia better than any of the haughty belles who sighed for my hand and my millions. And now it turns out that she is tainted with the blood of a slave, if Nepha's story is true. Curse her! If she has stolen the marriage certificate I am undone. I must get it back —I will, by Heaven, if I have to choke the life out of her to do it! Why didn't I think of that before? Sam would do it for me, if I paid him for it. That nigger would do anything for gold."

A new plan was forming in Lloyd Charlston's mind as he fell asleep, and it boded no good to Nepha, the quadroon.

But he was mistaken in the character of his servant. Sam was treacherous and sly; but he was too big a coward to trust with the commission of a crime. At that very moment, she he had been sent to hunt for Nepha, he was in his own room at the negro quarters, trying on the suit his master had given him, including the shirt he had been commanded to burn.

"Shoo, now," he mused, comparing it with others Lloyd had discarded. "dar ain't no difference. I'll jest chuck dis old one in de fire, an' he can't never tell de difference by de ashes, no how.

"Golly!" he ejaculated, when he was all dressed, "Dosh I look like a 'ristocrat's woulin' was? Wish Electra could see me."

Then he caught sight of the spot of blood, dried, and therefore discolored now, and for a moment or two he stared at himself in the cracked mirror his lowly furnished room afforded.

"Fo' de Lawd, it's blood! No wonder de marse done wanted de thing burned! Maybe it's de milk dat Jim's wife made. Shoo, now, it doan matter, it'll all come out in de wash. I'll jest wear it ober to Electra's cabin an' have it cut off. Marse won't be awake fer hours yet."

Now it happened that on his way to see his sweetheart Sam met Nepha, the very person he had been bidden to find, tho that fact had entirely slipped his mind as he hurried to the cabin.

"Shoo, now," he exclaimed, "I'se all am de huckleberry I is looking for. Yo' is to go to Miss Lygia and report to de marse."

"Oh, am I?" Nepha asked innocently, by way of drawing the lad out. "And why is dis, pray tell me? I thought he wanted me to remain at the Hall and never return."

"I done 'spects he was in a temper den. Anyway, he wants to get yo' back. I 'spects he likes yo'-all."

The black eyes of the quadroon flashed fire. Keen perception was yours, Sam. The master and I will settle our affairs some day, but not just now."

"Oh, yo'-all must come. I's instructed to fetch yo'."

The boy was so in earnest that Nepha saw that he believed what he said. She changed the subject by inquiring where he was going, all dressed up so fine. Then suddenly she caught sight of the shirt upon his knee. Lois had discovered at the altar, and since she had found Cecil wounded, she also could understand.

"Oh," she added, "I see you have on your master's wedding clothes. How dare you take such liberties, Sam?"

"He say he doan want dese togs any more. I gits 'em fer takin' yo'-all back to him—all 'cept dis shirt. I gotta burn dat, he say, an' I'se gwine to do dat fer me. Miss Nepha, but dey is mighty fine."

"Why must you burn it, Sam?"

"Deed, I know, Miss Nepha."

"See here, Sam, I'll give you a gold-piece for that shirt. Bring it to me just as it is, and keep the rest. And you have burned it. You can get a new one and have money enough left to buy your sweetheart a present with the coin I will give you for it."

"What fo' do yo' want it, Miss Nepha?" the young man asked.

"I want it for a keepsake, Sam."

The darky laughed. "I spects yo' done want fer to remember Cecil Lloyd Charlston's. I 'spects yo'-all likes him, too."

"Come, is it a bargain?" The quadroon drew forth the gold piece. Sam's eyes bulged. "I'll take it off now," he said. "I done put it on ober my own, 'cause it's too big fer me."

He darted into the bushes and a little later emerged with the garment rolled up in a bundle, exchanged it for the coin and proffered it to Nepha, receiving the gold-piece in exchange. Then he continued his way to Electra's cabin to show the gold and his new clothes to Electra. He had forgotten his errand for the present, but Nepha reminded the master's instructions to him with a jolt.

"Tell Lloyd Charlston," she called after him, "that I will see him at my own convenience; that I will not come in obedience to his command, but that he will not be glad to see me when I come."

What the master of Charlston Hall was raging for Sam's recovery from the surprise which held him for the moment rooted to the spot, that the negro dared come to the plantation dared defy the master's will thus openly was beyond his comprehension. For Nepha was not the privileged in a way, and that she was furnished with plenty of spending money, besides a roof over her head, Miss Charlston had favored and petted her as far back as he could remember. He knew, also, that Lloyd himself had made overtures to the quadroon, and believed it was only the difference in their respective positions that prevented him showing his preference more openly in a more open manner. He had no conception of what the master's attentions to the quadroon really amounted to.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake!" he ejaculated, as he saw Nepha disappear around a bend in the road. "I reckon I'd better hab to tell de marse jest what she say!"

He turned again and went on his way, his shiny black face wearing a smile of self-complacency.

An hour later Nepha, the quadroon, entered her sister's apartment at Negro Jim's, and untying the red handanna, spread out the blood-stained shirt upon the counterpane. Lygia was sitting up in bed, while the boy, a trifle over a year

(Continued on Page 9.)

When The Doctor Says "Quit"

—many tea or coffee drinkers find themselves in the grip of a "habit" and think they can't. But they can—easily—by changing to the delicious, pure food-drink,

POSTUM

This fine cereal beverage contains true nourishment, but no caffeine, as do tea and coffee.

Postum makes for comfort, health and efficiency.

"There's a Reason"

WALTHAM ELGIN HOWARD ROCKFORD ILLINOIS HAMILTON

Any Watch you WANT on CREDIT

One Customer Writes: "I have had my watch just a year today and our watch inspector says its the best time keeper on the road. Please find enclosed my last monthly payment of $1.00." We have thousands of such letters on file from satisfied customers, who have bought watches of us.

30 Days Trial Express Paid No Money Down

You take no chances with me. I am "Square Deal" Miller and I trust the people. That is why I am doing the greatest credit Watch, Diamond and Jewelry business in the world.

Watches Guaranteed for 25 Years

I Smash the Terms

NO REFERENCES DEMANDED

My Terms are Cash to You

A Charge Account the same kind of credit you would get from your own brother. It doesn't matter where you live or what your income might be, you can now own the finest of watches, beautiful diamond or any rare jewelry and never miss the money.

Catalog FREE Send me your name and address. Just send me a postal. Don't put it off. Do it today. It will not place you under any obligation to buy. I want you to have the book. It's free. Write Today.

Square Deal MILLER, Pres.
Miller-Hoefer Co. 770 Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

New Winter Styles FREE

Big Bargain Bulletin now ready. Be sure to get it. Shows most fetching styles in Clothing for all the family. Dresses, coats, suits, furs, hats, shoes, skirts, waists, furnishings and overcoats (to measure) for men. Clothing for boys and girls. Prices that save a third.

Everything on Credit

Buy anything on our liberal credit terms. Beats paying cash. Sent on approval. If not satisfied, return today without call for the Bulletin.

Elmer Richards Co. W. 35th St. Chicago

2 Rings and Bracelet GIVEN

Sell 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box

Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter, chapped hands, corns, bunions, cuts. Relieves like magic. Write today and we will send you 6 boxes to sell among friends at 25c box. When sold send us $1.50 and we will send you the Ring and Bracelet as premium. Write today. We trust you.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 306 Woodsboro, Md.

AMAZING BARGAIN!

Genuine Standard Visible Oliver Typewriter—latest Model 3, back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, manifolder, writing-in-sight. Complete. FREE TRIAL. Easy terms. Advance Payment. Send a little bit each month. Get this $100 machine for $49.50. Free typewriter desk today. Be quick. Typewriter Distributing Syndicate, Dept. 5247, 1510 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

GO INTO MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Small Capital Starts You

on our easy payment plan. Begin now and get your share. We sell everything complete. Write today. Atlas Moving Picture Co.

Our Catalog Free! Write today and let us show you how to earn $25 to $50 per week. Dept. 20 225 E. Harrison St., Chicago

ARE YOU BASHFUL?

If so, send 2c stamp for our illustrated booklet—it tells how any one can easily and permanently conquer bashfulness, timidity and lack of self-confidence. Make success certain.

CONCENTRO INSTITUTE, Box 965, PORTLAND, ME.

RUPTURE

FREE TRIAL of a Wonderful New Invention which makes operations unnecessary. Call or write A. S. BROOKS, 10-A, Eastman Bl., Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES, $1000! I positively guarantee to start any lady in a successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the worst "female" complaints. Costs $3 a month. Home, health, pure or interference with work. Mail $1. to Dept. 1, Sterlingworth Remedy Co., 615 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

GET A FEATHER BED FREE

We will give you a big, new Feather Bed absolutely FREE. Write today for full particulars and our FREE catalog. Don't buy anywhere at any price until you see our offer. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 12 Greensboro, N.C.

MONEY Make quickly by smart men. T. Arcel Co., 116 Nassau St., NY

Masterful Morgan

Or, The Hostile Mountain

By William H. Manning

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Began in No. 42, October 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE CAMP FIRE.

MORGAN had been prepared for the calamity, and, being a strong swimmer, he grew active at once. Avoiding immediate destruction, he turned toward a landing-place already chosen and began the struggle to reach that point of safety. For a while it seemed that he would make absolutely no headway, but his strength told at last, and he drew nearer the coveted point.

Time passed, he gained only by inches, but a ray of hope was appearing when he received a hard blow on the head from a passing detector. Almost succumbing to the attack he lost headway, but memory of the ballots spurred him to new endeavors. He battled the waters, gained slowly, drew near the land, and finally reached out, grasped a stout sapling, and dragged himself from the flood. There he lost consciousness.

When he regained his senses the stream was flowing with its old, placid way, but he was clear of its clutch. Moving, he found his bones whole and his strength surprisingly good. Standing, he erect he looked for the negro. Boat and boatman were alike invisible.

The natural conclusion was that his late helper was drowned, and when survey of the way farther on failed to reveal him, the sheriff prepared for renewal of his own individual efforts. He was wet, bruised and bleeding, but his investigating hand reached the burden he carried.

"The ballots are safe!" he muttered.

Making sure of the points of compass, he moved on in the right way. He was once more on foot, but there was relief from being in the boat, and he did not mind it for some time. Then his attention was partially diverted from his progress.

Ever since recovering consciousness he had been aware of a sharp pain in his head. Now it grew keener, and sometimes there were moments when he was dulled and he did not fully realize what he was doing.

He stopped, bathed his temples and probed the seat of injury, but no marked relief followed.

"Bad," he complained. "It distracts my attention. Let me forget it. I'm here to carry the ballots—nothing else. Let me keep that in mind."

His mind was strong enough, but the wavering of his faculties continued, and only determined effort kept him in motion intelligently. When the pain gripped he clutched at the ballots and tried to make them an anchor for his purpose.

The day waned and he was still moving stubbornly forward when he discovered a man just ahead. Seeing that he was a stalwart, plainly dressed person who carried an ox-whip in his hand, he was heartened not a little. If a teamster or rancher was near he must be nearing a point where he could get something better than his own legs to carry him forward.

He increased his pace a little and, perhaps hearing him, the stranger turned. After a look he halted and the two were presently face to face.

"Doing a bit of tramping?" asked the unknown, bluffly.

"I've lost my horse," Morgan explained. "Bit your looks I reckon that I'm about out of the mountains."

"Why, sure," was the pleasant reply. "My ranch is ten miles distant, or yonder. Some ways, but I need not leg it. One of my men will meet me a little beyond here, so I shall ride in. Can I give you a lift?"

"I shall be grateful for it. I've been in the flood, and I don't reckon I'll accept what you can offer, and, if need be, buy a horse of you. How is that?"

"I've ten horses to sell, and you can probably help you along without your purchasing, why, if you want a horse of your own, you shall be satisfied at my ranch."

It was heartily said, and Morgan's impression was that he had met a fine fellow. Every time the pain in his head increased, this belief grew upon him.

Half a mile farther on they reached a camp where the coals of a previous fire were still showing a dull red.

"My man is to join me here," announced the rancher. "Right away, my name is Pillsbury. Sit by, and we'll have a supper. I've food ready, and you'll see that night is getting down."

Morgan sat, and his host replenished the fire and cooked a satisfactory meal. They ate and chatted until they were amicably. The man with the wagon was slow to come, and night ended chance of his appearance. Pillsbury began gladly lay down, soon falling asleep.

Some hours of rest followed, but darkness was over with them when the sheriff awakened. The return of consciousness was not natural, for he quickly realized that somebody was fumbling at his coat, and the fire was bright enough for him to understand quickly that Pillsbury was trying to steal the ballots.

Instantly the man from Bludsoe became Masterful Morgan again. Accustomed to think and act quickly, he grasped Pillsbury by the throat, jerked him to the ground. His next move, an attempt to hold the fellow down, was a mistake, for Pillsbury was alert, and in another moment the two were in a grapple, the late amiability of the host giving place to savage words of hostility.

"Lie still!" he then added. "I was waiting here to nab you, and I'll do it. You don't carry Bludsoe votes to the capital. Give them up! Yield!"

Ordinarily, the strength of the man would have won the struggle for him, but he had to deal with one equally muscular and more active. The sheriff beset him for a time, but when opportunity offered, struck a blow with a convenient stone that put Pillsbury out of the running, stunned him.

Morgan gained his feet and stood looking down at his enemy. The old pain gripped him, and he reeled with the pain when the defeated man was wholly invisible to the sheriff's blurred eyes, but as this trouble vanished his senses became acute.

"I met him because he was lying in wait for me to steal the ballots, and no one man would be only a pin-point in this wide solitude, it is clear that the entire region is pro-slave, and they are having the same mischief to do. This one met me, and others may. I've got to get out of there."

He caught up food from the fireside and started without delay, but the struggle had made him unsteady of nerve, and his movements, he realized, were painfully feeble. A something that was worse he did not grasp.

In his mental confusion he had faced the wrong way and was walking back toward the heart of the mountains.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GREAT NEED.

MORNING dawned dull and gray, the clouds banking the sky thickly. A brief drive of snow a few hours before had covered the ground an inch or two, and there was prospect for more. It was a damp, disagreeable morning, but not especially cold.

John Morgan was plodding thru a shallow ravine, his head bent and his movements far from alert. It was impossible for him to act his old, energetic self, and that head worried him almost constantly, bringing frequent periods of daze, but he was true to his ruling passion. The ballots must go thru.

Thinking thus, and still full of stubborn purpose, he was wholly unconscious of the most lamentable part of his situation. In his mental confusion he had, when leaving the camp fire, taken the wrong course and started back toward the summit of the range, and he was still going the same way, every step taking him farther from the capital where he wanted to lodge the votes of Bludsoe County.

Moving, now, he came out of one of his periods of daze and made a discovery. Close to his own track was the trail of a horse, one made with the animal at a steady walk. The mental faculties afresh awakened and he noted that the animal tracks were very fresh, but as he paused and surveyed them another discovery followed.

"Comet!" he exclaimed.

He knew there was no doubt about it. His loved horse had carried shoes formed according to John's own ideas, so his footprints left their mark on the snow, and the master would have known them anywhere. No other horse made tracks like Comet's.

Morgan grew exhilarated. Realizing that Comet had somehow escaped death when carried down by the snowslide, he was delighted to find his faithful friend near, and confidently impressed with the belief that if he could again have him all his troubles would vanish.

"It has been but a little while since he passed by, and I'll find him. Good old boy!"

Once more the ballot-bearer swung about, giving no thought to direction, and walked as fast as possible after the four-footed traveler. By mere chance he was headed almost directly toward the State capital, for the horse's course had been the reverse of his own.

Better yet, he was for the time almost his old self. Long confidence and confidence in the horse's ability to carry his master safely onward had stimulated his flagging faculties, and, in the freedom from mental confusion, he went with long, quick steps.

The animal left the ravine and entered a side depression, but the general direction was right, and from the point there was fresh encouragement when a point was reached where the animal had paused to graze in a patch of grass. Beyond, the trial was so recent that Morgan expected to sight him at any moment.

After going some rods a needle-like uplift suggested that it was a good place for any of the herd of cattle there to get that view. Reaching the summit he failed to see Comet, but as he was about to go on he suddenly else halted him suddenly.

Two men were passing thru a neighboring notch, and one was the self-styled Pillsbury, while both carried rifles and sundry other weapons.

"Tracking me!"

Morgan muttered the words grimly, and did not doubt that he was right. Certainly they were following some trail, and Pillsbury's hostility was sufficient proof that he would be likely to carry his campaign farther against the

No Money In Advance

Don't send a cent in advance—we'll send you one of these swell mgn-stitched sweater coats without deposit or security—for your free approval. Made of firm, heavy, worsted yarn in the new Byron stitch and roomy pockets. All sizes—choice of gray, maroon or blue. Just the thing for golf and close work—great for any sport.

Remarkable Sweater Sale

Just tell us your chest measure and what color you wish, and we will send you one of these sweaters at once without deposit or security—for your free approval. When it arrives, if you think it the biggest sweater value you've ever seen—if it does if anywhere near as good as you expected—if you think that you have a wonderful bargain, keep it and pay—

Only 85¢ AFTER EXAMINATION

Then pay balance of our bargain price of only $3.70 in 3 small monthly payments of only 85c each. Remember, return it at our expense, and you are not out a cent. Everything at our risk. Size 1,000 to be sent out on this offer, so act quick. Send for your sweater today. Send measurement and state color and we will send it at once. Send coupon or postal.

STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY,
1015 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. S, Chicago, Ill.

Ship Your FURS to Funsten

Boys—men—experienced trappers—beginners—we need skins. Write for new price list on raccoon, skunk, mink, fox, muskrat and other furs.
We pay highest and send money same day we receive shipment. Recommended by thousands because they get a square deal from Funsten. Ship to one of thousands. Write for valuable FREE Trapper's Guide. Tells how to trap, when to trap, etc. Shipping tags, price list, etc., FREE. Send for it today. Do it now.
1906 Funsten Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

TRAPPER'S GUIDE FREE

FURS Special Open By Wire

TRAPPERS AND DEALERS GET MORE MONEY FOR YOUR FURS
Write now for special market reports. Let us tell you what to trap this season. No matter how large or small your shipment, SEND IT TO US. Highest prices. Prompt returns.
MAAS AND STEFFEN Inc.
The Standard Fur House
328 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR RAW FURS

We are the fastest growing RAW FUR house in New York—NOW the world's greatest Fur Market. We charge no commission and grade liberally. Write for price list and proof to you free of charge.
DAVID BLUESTEIN & BRO., 182 West 27th St., New York

TRAPS and GUNS AT FACTORY COST

We pay highest cash for Furs and sell you Gr. & Trans. Traps, Guns, Etc., at cost. Write for FREE CATALOG, TRAPPERS' GUIDE, and Fur Price List. Do it NOW. W. J. HAYES & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y. DEPT. 37.

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat, and all raw Furs. Price list free. W. J. HAYES & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y. DEPT. 37.

If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, loose box back, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show to your friends and tell them it's a beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a line or a postal card at once and say "Send me your special offer," I will send you samples and show to pick from and my surprise offer. Write today.

Address: L. E. ASHER, President
BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 445 CHICAGO

CURED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusser did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 409 C Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

INSIDE MOTOR TRUCK INVESTMENT

A fight truck manufacturing company, whose officers and directors are men of such prominence that you probably know of most of them, will shortly offer shares for sale at a low price, such shares having a par value of $10.00 per share.

The shares of this company will be offered by publishing announcements simultaneously in about two hundred leading newspapers, having a combined circulation of about thirty million copies per issue.

A rising nation wide-market will be immediately created for these shares.

Prior to publishing the above announcements a limited allotment of shares is being sold at an INSIDE price. This offering is so unusual that a majority of those to whom it has been presented have become liberal subscribers.

Information on request if you ask for CIRCULAR 163

Address McINTYRE COMPANIES LIMITED
110 South Dearborn Street Chicago, Illinois

NOTE: The light truck industry is believed to be in much the same position today that the light pleasure car industry was a few years ago. Investments of a few hundred dollars made then have yielded hundreds of thousands in several instances.

man he had vainly beset at the camp fire.

The sheriff found the conditions that had harassed him on the other side of the range again in force. The lesser men in the political drama may have been more lawless than their orders from "higher up" demanded, but it was certain that numerous men were determined that the votes of Bludsoe County should never reach the capital.

The ballot-bearer descended in deep thought. What was to be done? He had no weapons except his revolvers, and they were useful only at close quarters. How was he to protect the voters?

Before him lay Comet's trail, and he thrilled with eager desire to regain his loved companion and trust to his legs. It was not a long distance out of the mountains, and if the horse could carry him at a gallop along the danger paths he would soon be in the settled region where open attack was, he believed, not likely to occur.

Summoning all his strength, he started at a lope that ate up ground rapidly. It was a tax upon his strength, but it had to be.

He had covered a mile when a well-known sound brought him to a walk. He was in a little gulch, with a bend just ahead, and from the other side of that bend had come the ring of shod feet on flint.

At least one horse was there. Did he carry a rider? If so, was the rider friendly or hostile? The question was vital.

He was a god short of the curve when the head of a horse appeared at the shoulder of the uplift. Then two horses, each with a rider, appeared. Both were ready to shout for joy—the riders were children, and they had Comet in tow.

The young persons checked their animals, looking hard at the man they encountered, but Morgan strode forward eagerly.

"So you've caught him!" he cried.

He moved toward his horse, but the rearmost rider, a lad of 12 years, promptly swung his own mount into the path.

"No, you don't!" he cried shrilly. "Keep away!"

"Wait a bit!" urged the boy's companion, who was a girl two years his senior.

She was staring hard at the sheriff, keenly noting his torn, soiled clothing, bruised and haggard face. Then things seemed to have special meaning for her, and she spoke again sternly.

"Why do you want that horse?" she asked.

The man from Bludsoe was impressed with the belief that both of the children were of good character, and he forced a wan smile.

"Because he is mine," he replied. "Do you live in Meroville?" she added. "No."

"Where, then? I know all the horses around these parts, and all the men. This isn't your horse. This section, and you—I don't know you."

"What would you do if you did know me?"

"That depends. Are you hunting for —a man—a man with votes he is carrying thru to the city?"

"What if I am?"

"I won't help any man against him!" she blazed. "You can't have this stray horse to hunt him, either!"

Morgan studied the eager faces with intense desire to know what was in the busy brains back of the little foreheads.

"Why can't I have him for that purpose?" he asked.

"Because my dad says it is a crime to molest the sheriff and carry the votes. He's a Grandley man, but he says the law should never be broken for a personal favorite. He says it's a crime for anybody to try to molest the vote-carrier, and he's awfully down on those who help him get 'em."

"Where is your father?"

"Sick abed, but he sent Jerry and me to see if we could keep an eye on the sheriff from Bludsoe and warn him that enemies are all about here. We're trying to do it."

She leaned forward and sharply added a terse question. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"Why do you think I am a stranger to you, and my horse also a stranger?"

"I think you are Sheriff Morgan!"

"I am! May God bless you, young lady, for I am John Morgan!"

He held out a friendly hand, while the boy uttered a subdued whoop of delight. Both parties to this singular acquaintance were compelled to accept the words of the other for proof, but neither hesitated. More was said swiftly, the alliance cemented more firmly, and then, after reassuring Morgan as to the welcome of Comet, Morgan swung into the saddle again. It had been partly turned but not injured, and was again properly adjusted. The horse, too, was seemingly free from all harm, and John thrilled with delight as he again had Comet to bear him onward.

The start was at once made, the children riding side by side as true friend. Going, Morgan asked many questions and received clear answers.

Certain men of the section were resolved that the ballots should not go thru, and they had planned to waylay their bearer. The father of the young couple saw matters only from the point of law and justice, and he was strongly opposed to such tactics.

At their own request, but with his sanction, his children had gone forth to take their chances, happening on the sheriff and warning him. Better yet, they were prepared to guide him along unfrequented paths here, it was hoped, his enemies would not expect him to go.

"Now, you trust to me," said the girl, in conclusion.

Morgan looked into her truthful, steady eyes.

"I will trust you!" he replied. "Lead on!"

"Let me scout!" cried Jerry, with a trifle of pardonable self-importance. "I'll go a few rods ahead, and, you believe me, nothing will escape my notice."

It was so arranged and, turning at right angles to their course, the trio rode on steadily. Then the old pain gripped the sheriff, but the attacks were growing less keen and less frequent, so his spirits rose in proportion.

Proof was soon found, however, that it was not yet time to exult. Jerry came hastening back, his expression worried.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "a gang of them are coming this way, and I don't just see how to escape discovery!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A FAMILIAR FACE.

"I'LL fight them!" Masterful Morgan spoke the words with forceful determination, and he was still to the revolvers, but the girl did not heed him. All her attention was on her brother.

"Where are the men?" she asked sharply.

"Hard by Roger's Butte. I saw them from that high point yonder——"

"How far are they coming?"

"Slowly."

"Well, at least them. We can ride hard to Black Branch ravine and then turn to the right. Come on!"

She started, and the ballot-bearer immediately urged Comet with her. Always prone to think twice before trusting a strange man, he felt positive that the clear-eyed, fearless girl was to be reliable as his best friend.

Some hundreds of yards the three galloped, and then the branch was reached. They turned, without having seen any enemy, and continued briskly.

"We leave a trail," said Jerry. "Will they give it attention?"

"Too many other trails here," replied the girl. "Ours will mean nothing to them when they get to the fork."

Comet sprang on his feet with a touch of old-time fire, and Morgan fell to wondering at the strange chance that had brought his mount back to him. When Comet was carried away by the snowslide, it seemed sure death, but a long, deep, intervening canyon had prevented escape, and what singular turn of chance had led him out of the mountains in such a course that he and the sheriff were again united?

Comet could not explain, and there was nobody else to settle the perplexity, but Comet was there, sent by the one chance in a hundred.

A little later Morgan experienced renewed attack from his head, but tried to overcome it and, to that end, talked much with his guides. They were bright, educated children, and he blessed the fortune that had sent them to his aid.

From them he learned his exact whereabouts, the nature of the roads farther on, and other matters of importance to him. He was nursing his destination and hoped to arrive there by the end of the next day, and he had grown eager to be rid of the burden.

He had fought men and a woman, blizzards, driving rains and floods, and his endurance had its limit. What all trouble was past he did not feel confident, but one thing was certain—the ballots were going to the proper State officials if he lived.

For the next five miles no traveler was met, and then the children reluctantly announced that they must leave their friend. Their temporarily bedridden father must not be neglected.

The parting took place and Morgan rode on alone. He was much impressed by the fact that, tho he fought alone on the other side of the mountains, the hermit and the children had helped him when his own powers lagged. Now he must care for himself, something he felt able to do if his head did not go seriously wrong.

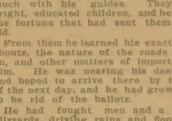
He found that accurate information had been given as to the trails by the way, and occasionally made good progress, but late in the afternoon he found himself turned from his designated course by a flooded area.

Making a detour, he finally was able to resume the right direction, but time had been lost and miles that should have been behind him remained to go traversed. The day, too, was nearly gone, and when he came to a large shack and found it untenanted he yielded to desire for shelter and decided to stop.

Examination led him to think the place had once been for the use of timber-cutters, but all of them had long gone. The building, however, was firm enough for cover.

Determined not to lose Comet, he led

Not One Cent In Advance



3 WONDERFUL SHIRTS

Pay Only $1. After Examination

Here is the most remarkable shirt bargain ever made. Four of these three fine silk, lustrous, striped shirts of genuine sheer, luxuriously soft and beautiful—at the most liberal terms ever offered. You don't send a cent in advance. Just the coupon and we'll send you three shirts of fine silk broadcloth. Pay only $1 after you are satisfied that they are the finest shirts per cent per sq. inch you've ever got prices.

and keep the shirts. Then pay us the $4 balance in four monthly payments of $1 each until our special introductory price of $5 for the three shirts is paid.

You will be amazed at the striking beauty, the luxurious richness, the style and the latest double French Roll cuffs. Any one of these shirts would cost you from $2.50 to $3.00 each at any haberdashery—our price is only $5.00 for all three.

We leave the decision entirely with you. You're the sole judge. Decide for yourself, after you see them, whether you want to keep them. If not, send them back at our expense and you're not out one cent. No obligation whatever. You risk absolutely nothing.

FREE Superb Combination Set If You Order Quick

For a very limited time only we will send along, as a free gift, this gentlemen's combination set—each set consisting of a pair of cuff links and scarf retainer, made of pure rolled gold plate and each set with a sparkling genuine rhinestone exactly as illustrated. Rich, striking appearance. Comes in Beautiful Plush-Lined Box. Sent absolutely free with the shirts—just mail coupon at once and get your set now—send no money.

Stanley-Rogers Co., 1615-17 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY, 1615-17 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

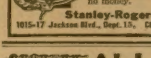
Send me the three shirts. I agree to examine them, and, if I decide to keep them, will pay $1 on first payment and then pay balance in 4 monthly payments of $1 each. If I decide not to keep them, I will return entire outfit to you at once and owe you nothing.

Size of collar I wear.....

Name.....

Address.....

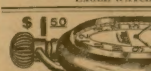
City..... State.....



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stone and Chain. Also Ring, Bracelet and Necklace. Bracelet is 8 inches long. Send these four Premiums and we will give you 40 pieces of Silverware FREE. If you prefer 6 of these premiums we will give you 24 pieces of Silverware FREE. Order today. Send no money. Just write us a postal and we will send you the premiums postpaid. When they arrive deposit with postman $2.98 and the premiums are yours. Send no money. Just write us a postal and we will send you the premiums postpaid. When they arrive deposit with postman $2.98 and the premiums are yours. Send no money. Just write us a postal and we will send you the premiums postpaid. When they arrive deposit with postman $2.98 and the premiums are yours. Send no money. Just write us a postal and we will send you the premiums postpaid. When they arrive deposit with postman $2.98 and the premiums are yours.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 69, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



$1.50

6 YEAR GUARANTEE

Sample Watch Free

Genuine full jeweled nine ruby watch with beautiful 20 dial and handsome engraved case. Guaranteed to keep perfect time and to wear 6 years. Just to introduce to the Navy R. E. Equipment Supply Association dials, we will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE a genuine Sample Watch. Write today for this watch and Diamond catalog. Send no money. Just your name and address and we will send you the watch postpaid. When it arrives deposit with postman $1.50 and the watch is yours

him inside, after allowing him to graze near the door. When he retired he left the building with door and windows fastened, but was aware that the place would not resist a housebreaker.

Great weariness and unnatural weakness caused him to fall asleep quickly, and when in that condition he lay more in stupor than in slumber.

Hours passed and something troubled his rest. Vaguely conscious that he had difficulty in breathing, combined with other nightmarish conditions, he nevertheless continued unconscious. Even a well-defined impression that somebody was poking at his person to arouse him failed to bring back his attention, and it was not until a great thumping sounded that he stirred.

Then he opened his eyes and his mind resumed action. He found he had startling matters to meet. The place was aglow with fire, smoke was thick, and the old building was certainly doomed. Something else also impressed him. Comet was backed up near the outer wall and was lashing out at it with his hind legs with force that brought a tremendous racket.

Morgan struggled to his feet, gasping as he did so, and reeled toward the door, but Comet's efforts succeeded before his own. Beaten by the shod hoofs the old wall gave way, and a gap appeared thru which fresh air rushed to man and horse.

The opening was not large enough for egress, but the sheriff tore the door clear, grasped Comet's mane and led him out. As a second thought he returned for saddle and bridle, and the escape was complete.

With his old-time alertness upon him, Morgan whipped out his revolver and looked around sharply. Nobody was to be seen, but after one survey he led the horse out of the area lighted by the fire. Gaining a desired distance he stood and looked further and listened, meanwhile pondering over the cause of the trouble.

He had made a fire in the rusty stove, but only a small one. That it could set a blaze to the roof was possible, tho not probable, but there was now no fire at that point, the mischief having started close to the ground.

"A firebug tried to get me!" murmured the sheriff. "If he burned me up the ballots would go, too."

A strong desire possessed him to see the man who had done the work, but when half an hour of waiting brought no results he turned his attention elsewhere. The shack had fallen, and, leaving the ruins to consume, he mounted and rode on.

Riding, he mused on the occurrence. It was an old habit of Comet's to nose him of mornings if he did not rise early, and he knew this had happened again, but it was a new record for the horse to try to kick his way to freedom when other means failed.

The belief that the fire had been set by an enemy remained active in his mind, but he never knew the truth.

The night was nearly gone, but desire to get the best of Comet's efforts led him to make a long halt for breakfast, just before dawn. When it was eaten he saddled again and resumed his way.

During the forenoon he several times saw other men, but met nobody at close quarters. Unable to affirm that any of these men were enemies, he had a definite opinion and was on his guard, but there was a grim fierceness in his mood that led him to take some chances. He had reached the mental point where he was willing to forget that he was an officer of the law and willing to trust to his revolvers.

The time came when he emerged from the mountains and had roads for use instead of trials. There he would have put Comet to a gallop, but he knew he could not reach the city until hours after business was finished for the day at the capitol building. Husbanding his horse's powers, he held his way quietly, closely eying every man he met. Safety was not yet reached.

It was nine o'clock when he gained the first of the streets, and as he had a certain hotel in mind he headed for it. It was still a few blocks distant when, at a corner, he saw a man whose face was familiar in a startling way. The man clearly saw him, too, but whisked out of sight and was gone.

Morgan continued his course, trying to decide whether he had made a discovery or was deceived by a resemblance. Unless he erred, the man was Old Peter, the road-agent.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST EFFORT.

MORGAN reached the hotel, had supper and smoked a cigar in a leisurely way. He was in the capital city at last, and in the morning he would deliver the ballots. He had made the long, dangerous journey and his work was almost finished. Reviewing the happenings by the way, he felt that it had been a lively journey. Others might have called it Masterful Morgan's greatest victory.

What pleased him most was that his mental faculties were resuming their normal condition. The blow received from the treetop in the gulch had been demoralizing for the time, but its effects were wearing away.

Bed called to him and he started for his room. Gaining it he ran his hand along the waterproof package that held the ballots. It was safe, but his interest in its security was not ended.

"A thief may try to break in, even here," he mused, looking at the door.

He was about to move that way and examine the fastenings when the door opened and—Dora Ingraham and Mr. Hough were visible. The latter quickly closed the door behind them, while the girl, seeing the astonished look on her one-time lover's face, burst into an unmusical laugh.

"Surprised, are you?" she scoffed. "Thought you had left me behind in the mountains, didn't you? Let me tell you right now that Old Peter, the road-agent, knows shorter, better ways thru the mountains than anybody else. You can guess the rest. As for arriving at this hotel so soon after you, when a score of persons use their eyes and have telephones it is not hard to pass along news. Your coming was watched for, and we, who arrived in the city ahead of you with Old Peter, are here to see you, John, dear!"

There had been exultation that was far from amiable in the first words, but at the final ones she forced a smile and spoke somewhat softly. She had suddenly remembered that she had a part to play.

Morgan eyed her calmly, coldly. "Have you business here?" he demanded curtly.

"I came to see you, dear," and her voice grew plaintive.

"Well, you've seen me."

"Aren't you glad to see me?"

"No!" was the steady reply. "I remember that you are the woman who permitted a contemptible thief"—he waved his hand to Hough—"to steal my horse at the camp fire in the mountains."

"John, dear, do give me a word. I want to explain. May I sit at the table?"

She sat down without permission, and Hough, grim and ominous, took a chair near her. Morgan hesitated, and then sat opposite to them.

"I want," she continued, "to speak about the votes of Bludsoe County. You have them. Now, let me show you clearly why I do not want them to be delivered to the State officers——"

"You showed me in the mountains. Now, I don't want to be ungracious, but I'll listen to no more. If you are here to argue, don't waste your time. You and I are strangers from this time. Why devote the last moments of our talk to ballots? If you admit that you have made mistakes in the past, I'll credit you with repentance, but that's all I can do for you."

Dora looked aghast. The inexorable voice showed her that the man who had been her lover, and over whom she had exercised such great influence, had changed utterly. Her perfidy had swept her wholly out of his life.

"I've made no mistakes," she faltered.

"Do you mean that you uphold what you did in the mountains?"

"Yes," she retorted, suddenly full of fire. "I am glad I did it, and I'm not done trying. Here and now we are going to have those ballots!"

Hough laid a revolver upon the table.

"We are going to have them!" he added hotly. "You are not armed, or, at least, have no weapon drawn. Don't dare to draw one, or I'll shoot. We are here to get the votes, and we'll get them——"

Masterful Morgan, undismayed by the revolver, suddenly shoved the table upon Hough with compelling force. That man, smitten in the stomach, tumbled to the floor, and his weapon clattered some feet away. When he had regained his feet Morgan stood holding the revolver.

"Call this the end," the ballot-bearer directed. "If you want to avoid a scandal, leave this room at once, both of you!"

Dora burst into tears. With the utter collapse of her plot she found unbidden admiration and love stirring in her overambitious and unscrupulous heart, and she would have undone her work then had she been able, but the sheriff's face was pitiless.

She tried to plead and Hough once began to bluster, but a threat to call an officer silenced both. Five minutes later they went out of the room beaten, and, under their outward masks, glad that they had not been arrested.

John Morgan went to bed and slept well until morning. After breakfast, learning at what hour he could gain access to the capitol building, he prepared for the final act in his duty, but, first of all, visited Comet in his stall. Master and horse fraternized in the old way, and the sheriff was glad to see that his valued friend was in good trim.

An hour later, when several serious-faced officials were sitting in a room in the capitol, a grim, resolute-faced man walked into their presence and laid a parcel on their table.

"I am John Morgan," he said simply. "Here are the votes of Bludsoe County!"

* * * * * * *

In later days some changes were noted, chief of which was the fact that abundant proof was found that the defeated candidate for Governor was guilty of all that had been charged against him. As a result, the young State had elected the only honest man of the two on the ballots.

Morgan saw Dora no more, and he never knew Hough's real name. He took occasion to visit Fillmore, the mountain hermit, and found George W. on duty there as before, the negro having survived the disaster in the flood. Also, the sheriff was careful to see the children who had helped him so well. Old Peter disappeared, and was supposed to have gone to a remote point.

Woodyear made an excellent Governor, and when the men of Bludsoe County referred to him, they always said, in substance, one undeniable thing:

"Our sheriff made him what he is, but it was a close call. The ballots went thru, but, of course, it was because Masterful Morgan had them!"

The End.

Aspired to Be President.

What woman once ran for President of the United States?

Probably not one man in 100 could answer that question, so transitory is fame, remarks the Kansas City Star.

The New York World recently contained the following editorial note:

"The only woman who ever ran for President of this country was Belva A. Lockwood, who was a candidate against Grant. She died several years ago, aged about 85, after many years of legal practice as a member of the Washington, D. C., bar."

A day or two later the World printed a letter from Belva Ann Lockwood stating that she is still alive in Washington and only 86 years old, that she did not run against Grant, but against Blaine and Cleveland in 1888, and that she was the candidate of the Women's Equal Rights party.

Only thirty years ago her name was on every lip. She was a headliner in every newspaper, and today forgotten except by a few.

And, by the way, while we are speaking of that fleeting bubble, fame, how many high school pupils today could tell anything about Mary Lease or Dr. Mary Walker or Phoebe Cousins? Those women filled the public eye a few short years ago. Are they alive?

Mary Lease, who advised the farmers of Kansas to raise less corn and more hell, is a lecturer for the school board of New York City. Dr. Mary Walker, famed as the first dress reformer, who persisted in wearing men's clothing, is living near Oswego, N. Y. Phoebe Cousins, once a great woman's rights advocate, is dead.

DRUGGISTS IN EVERY STATE RELY ON THIS KIDNEY MEDICINE

We have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for twelve years and during that time we have not received a single complaint from those who have used it, all speak in the highest terms of the good results obtained from its use. We know of cases of Catarrh or Inflammation of the Bladder and Liver trouble where Swamp-Root proved very valuable. One old lady 80 years old will not be without Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. We believe it is a very good medicine in the diseases for which it is intended.

Very truly yours,
ALLARD & TROTMAN,
Druggists.
Klondike, Texas.
November 11th, 1915.

We have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root ever since we started in business, which is about four years ago, and have never heard a complaint against it; all of my customers speaking very favorably regarding it. We know of several cases of kidney and bladder troubles where the preparation produced the most beneficial results. I believe it to be a good medicine for those troubles for which it is recommended and we know it to be a very good seller.

Very truly yours,
LAWTON DRUG STORE,
By Frank C. Davis,
Lawton, Oklahoma.
November 11th, 1915

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

SPECIAL TO OUR READERS!

We are proud to present to our readers and friends the special offer made in the following advertisement of the HARRIS-GOAR JEWELRY CO., of Kansas City, Mo. That their liberal offer is in good faith and will be carried out to the letter, is beyond question. The Harris-Goar Company is one of the oldest and most favorably known jewelry concerns, and with their Easy Payment Plan, have helped thousands of worthy people in all parts of the country. You should write for their Catalog and tell your friends to do so.

$2.00 A Month

$12 to $25

Elgin New

Sent on Approval

Thin Octagon

A Stunning Model

This Elgin is Appealing to Thousands

Right now, during our Holiday Special Sale, is the time for you to buy your watch. We **now** make it possible for you to own one of these beautiful Elgins at our astoundingly low price on **such easy terms that you'll never miss the money.** This thin model, Elgin Octagon, is the very latest thing in watch construction. Strong, accurate, unique—it has made good from the very start.

New Catalog Our New 1917 Catalog shows every Elgin made. It shows all the different style cases. It gives you the **lowest rock-bottom prices** on all Railroad watches—prices lower than any retailer can afford to make. And our **Special Holiday Offer** is to send you this New Octagon Elgin, or any watch you may select from our New Catalog, subject to your own inspection and approval **No Money Down.**

We do this to prove to you that the great volume of our business in all parts of the country enables us to do better by you than any other watch or diamond house in the the world—that our **prices are lower and our terms more liberal.**

Send No Money Not a penny. Wait until you have first received and inspected the watch for yourself—merely give us your name and address (postal will do) that we may send you our **NEW FREE CATALOG.** It gives you the simplest, Easy Payment Plan in the world. It contains hundreds of illustrations of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Men's Clothing, etc. This is the most interesting Catalog in America. It was built by more than 200,000 satisfied customers. It shows why **You Assume No Risk Whatever**—Everything is sent for your approval. No interest, no security, no red tape, just common honesty among men. **Write for Catalog Today.** You'll find we are just the House you have been looking for.

HARRIS-GOAR CO.
Dept. 2061, Kansas City, Mo.
The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.

It's All Wrong

Tobacco Users: Attention!

Some people think they must smoke or chew to soothe their nerves, to get stimulation or for sociability. Eminent physicians agree that tobacco is a cause of cancer, blindness, heart failure, gastritis, insomnia, nervousness, irritability and even insanity. Most indulgers of the "fragrant weed" do not realize these dangers.

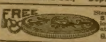
A very interesting book has been compiled by Edward J. Woods, 135A, Station E, New York City, proving the injury done by tobacco and why there is no necessity to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. Best of all, it shows how tobacco habit can be easily overcome in three days with delightful benefit. The author, who is a business man of wide experience, desires to help those who wish to rid themselves of tobacco habit and a book will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone who writes to him and mentions the name of this paper.

You want tranquillity of nerves, greater efficiency, better health and a new lease on life, so get rid of tobacco habit.

Eczema Is Only Skin Deep and Can Be Cured

Eczema germs cannot live where **Krano-Zema** is applied. Name and address on postal will bring liberal sample and particulars. Broad guarantee protects you. Address **Krano-Zema Co., Dept. 116, Girard, Kansas**

FREE



Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 245 Chicago

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. Enclose two-cent stamp. W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Avenue, Los Angeles, California

FAT Reduce your weight by a simple method. Full Particulars, etc., mailed FREE in a sealed package to any address. HallChem.Co., Dept. A15, St. Louis, Mo.

An Island Vendetta.

(Continued From Page 3.)

sciously staring at it for some moments. It was one of the most commonplace things in the world—a half-smoked cigarette. But in that place—it suddenly came over him—it was utterly mysterious. He had observed several boxes in Leavering's room, but had not sampled them. Reuel Vogt, he knew, was not in possession of any smoker's supplies, even before the adventure of the raft. The astonishment with which he had finished the bit of rolled paper and tobacco increased as he tried to account for it. He rose impulsively and stepped from the verandа to examine the object. When it occurred to him to question Mrs. Leavering, he discovered that she had stepped inside.

A moment later she reappeared. A slow, sheepish grin spread over Matt's face. He straightened up and endeavored to regain his self-control as much as possible, without betraying any of the chagrin he felt. Mrs. Leavering was calmly smoking a cigarette. As he sat down she extended the box. He declined with awkward thanks.

"Perhaps you don't approve of women smoking?" she said, with a glance that plainly sought the cause of his embarrassment.

"Oh," he assured her, "it isn't that."

As a matter of fact, his first view of her in the act of smoking had given him an inward twinge. To cover his uneasiness, he suggested a visit to the larder.

"I'd like to figure out how we stand, now that part of the supplies have been taken away," he observed.

She tossed away the only slightly consumed cigarette as she rose to accompany him. The dugout was located only a few yards to the rear of the cottage. Matt noted with satisfaction the weight of the timbers composing the roof and the heavy spring lock on its inclined surface.

"That ought to keep out marauders," he commented, stepping into the dark cavity and lighting a match. "Might have been made for a jail."

As he reached the foot of the rough wooden steps he was startled by a cry of dismay from the woman who waited above. The next instant the heavy door slammed into place over his head, the lock snapping shut with an ominous twang.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00 and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Quadroon's Hate.

(Continued From Page 5.)

old, was playing beside her. The child had the same blue eyes, the same fair skin and golden hair as its young mother, but its features were those of Lloyd Charleston.

Nepha pointed to the stain upon the otherwise immaculate linen.

"Here," she cried, "is the proof of Lloyd Charleston's crime—of his assassination of Cecil Lyndt! We can hold this proof as a sword over your husband's head, and some day your child—your child and his—shall inherit Charleston Hall."

She ceased. Lee rose up and raised him above her head. "My revenge will be complete then—when I have seen one with negro blood in his veins acknowledged the rightful heir to Charleston."

The little one laughed down into Nepha's dark eyes, but the young mother was frightened at her sister's vehemence. "You must not seek to bring his crime home to him," she pleaded. "Remember, he is the father of little Lloyd. It would ruin the boy's future." She took the child and pressed him to her breast. "You must think of the stigma when he comes into his own, Nepha. You must forego your vengeance!"

"Never!" cried the quadroon.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

PRELIMINARY TALK.

"It certainly is going to be a beautiful day," murmured Dalbeck, when the sun, shining in his face, awakened him Sunday morning.

"Why don't you go on out to the golf club, then?" answered Mrs. Dalbeck.

"Oh, no—I don't want to do that!"

"Why not?"

"Do you want me to go?" inquired Dalbeck in accents of deep reproach. "When Sunday is the only day of the week that I can spend with my family, it is just like you to find you trying to get rid of me!"

"Now, James!" said Mrs. Dalbeck, protestingly. "The idea that you should think such a thing for a minute! You know I'd rather have you at home than anywhere else on earth!"

"Then, of course, I won't go," Dalbeck said with a skillfully revealed sigh. "Not if you don't want me to. I believe it's a man's duty to do as his wife wants, even at the cost of his personal inclination, and, of course, I'd rather stay at home with you—"

"Why, it would spoil my whole day," interrupted Mrs. Dalbeck, "if you gave up a beautiful time, I couldn't enjoy it because you thought I was selfish enough to make you stay at home! I want you to go!"

"Henrietta," said Dalbeck, "do you suppose for one instant that you can deceive me? I know perfectly well that you are hiding your disappointment at the idea of a lonely day and are urging me to go simply out of the unselfishness of your nature. I'm not going to take advantage of it. Anyhow, I really don't care about playing golf today, so that settles the thought of it until you spoke, and you see I didn't jump at the idea then. I'd lots rather stay at home."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Dalbeck. "If you stayed at home this beautiful day my conscience would trouble me terribly. We may not have any more nice Sundays this fall, and it will do you good to get outdoors. I am perfectly willing for you to go, because I know you need the exercise. A man of your age doesn't exercise nearly enough, dear."

"Oh, so you are dissatisfied with my figure, are you?" inquired her husband in tones of deepest reproach. "I know I'm not an Apollo, but I didn't think—"

"James!" cried Mrs. Dalbeck. "You are perfectly stupid! I was just trying to make excuses for you to go—"

"Ahn!" said her husband. "Your words plainly show that you honestly don't feel that I should go! Your real opinion is that a man is a dub who doesn't pass Sunday with his family, and I agree with you. Where should he find more happiness and pleasure than at the family hearthstone, anyhow? I'd lots rather—"

"I know you would," said his wife, "but you must consider your health, James. It is your duty to do so. Please oblige me by doing as I ask and going on out to the club!"

"I haven't the least desire to go," protested Dalbeck. "Honestly, I don't feel up to it. It may rain, anyhow—"

"The sun never shone brighter," interrupted Mrs. Dalbeck. "Come, James!"

Dalbeck looked harassed and then resigned. "I don't see why you make such a fuss about it," he muttered. "And there isn't time to catch the golf special now, anyhow, if I did want to go!"

"Yes, there is," insisted his wife. "Here are all your clothes ready to jump into, and I'll bring you up some coffee while you are dressing. That'll take only a minuten fast, and if you hurry—here are your shoes and—"

"You don't give a fellow time to think," Dalbeck grumbled. "You are rushing me off at such a rate that I don't get a chance to say a word. It doesn't seem to make any difference to you whether I want to go or not, just so you get your own way."

"Here's your cap," said Mrs. Dalbeck, as she opened the outside door, "and if you hurry you can just make the train." She watched Dalbeck leap and vanish around the corner, and then she leaned to herself. "I suppose he has to go thru all that formality every time to ease his conscience," she said.

"Hello!" Dalbeck was saying on the station platform to three other men in golf attire. "I came pretty near missing the train this morning. I tell you—I got so interested making my objections to going as artistic as possible. But they worked beautifully."

* * *

It Is So Easy!

Boston is famous for its beans, but those who have enjoyed the kind that none are so delicious as those beans baked in the ground according to the manner of the guides and lumbermen of the Maine woods. Not long ago a man from the Middle West took a hunting trip thru the Pine Tree State. He hired a camp, and his cook was a Frenchman, long experienced in the art of cookery. The visitor was delighted with the beans, and ate them three times a day.

When he went out, he asked the Frenchman if he would give him his formula for cooking beans.

"Sure," said Joe, "She's jes' so easy as nothin'. If you talk for cook de bean in bean hole, an' de whole bean is goin' been whole w'en you tak heem out de bean hole, you firs' make de bean hole, and w'en you get make de bean hole, you tak de whole bean, and put de whole in de bean hole, and cov' up de whole of de bean hole, and de marnin' w'en you take do whole out de bean hole, you goin' find de whole of de bean, w'at you cook in de bean hole, is goin' been whole."

Nuxated Iron to Make New Age of Beautiful Women and Vigorous Iron Men

Say Well-Known Physicians—Quickly Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Most Astonishing Youthful Power Into the Veins of Men—It Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous "Run-Down" Folks 200 Per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since the remarkable discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "For Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken this country by storm, it is conservatively estimated that over five million persons daily are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen. So much so that well-known doctors predict that we shall soon have a new age of far more beautiful, rosy-cheeked women and vigorous iron men.

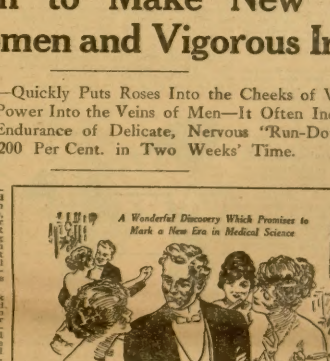
Dr. King, a well-known New York physician and author, when interviewed on the subject, said: "Iron can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, and the strength the memory fails and often they become weak, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron does from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, cream-of-wheat, oat meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing away the vital mineral in the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron. Just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. Sauer, one of the most widely-known physicians in this country, who has studied at both of the European medical institutions, said: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all tonics. Thousands of people would only throw away patent medicines and nostrums if they would only take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, stomach trouble. The real and true cause which started their disease in many cases was the lack of iron a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood.

"Not long ago a friend came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a prescription or recipe for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty-five, full of the energy, life and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man in the prime of manhood. Asking his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron to be exact—with regularity. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you *without doing you good*. You do not get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and



sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months with unbelieving benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before the test. Many a man has gone down in defeat simply for the lack of iron.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques another New York physician, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I rarely do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine or secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists, and its ingredients are widely prescribed by eminent physicians. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most powerful remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent. in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also guarantee to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

RABBIT OR DEVIL?

Tommy De Monk (escaped from a circus)—"Gee, dem piece of sapie taste good after goin' hungry for days and days!"

"Here must be other nice things to eat in dere! I'll go in and fill my pod with goodies!"

(Click, zip, bang!) "Little Eastus—"Hurrays! Dat trap was fur sprung! Dis'n de first rabbit I done got for a week!"

"Come on outen dat yo' ole fat rabbit, I'se gwine make yo' into de finest potpie what ever happened!"

"Yow! Help! Hall Columbus! fool rabbit am dat, anyhaw!

What kinder blame

"Mammy, save me! De debbil done got inter my rabbit trap, an' he's chokin' de stuffin' out ob me!"

War Economy.

Cautious Wife—"Think you pay the fares yet, Angus. They may drop a bomb on us and then you'd have thrown good money away."

Too Long.

Edith—"Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married?"

Ethel—"Yes long! He hasn't got a cent left."

Sufferings of the Innocent.

"Do you think this famous trial will result in anybody's punishment?"

"Sure. The jury has already been locked up."

Dangerous Experiment.

"Would you put the new clerk in the tableware department?"

"Good gracious, no! He makes too many breaks."

His Postcards.

"I am sorry the doctor says that I have to be alone on my holidays," Wingram Wilkins said to his wife as he unpacked his trunk again to put a collar and tie in. "But at least, if I can't have you with me I can send you a postcard every day with pictures of the sea and things on them, excepting on Sundays, of course."

She kissed him for his unselfishness and he departed. She got the entire twelve postcards, one for each week day, and all lovely views of the same wave, the same day.

When he returned home, peeling handsomely from sunburn, his first question was: "You got all my cards, I hope?"

"All twelve, Wingram," she replied. "The views of that wave were lovely and I appreciated the handwriting as much as ever, and the dates were all put in beautifully, but still—"

"I'm. Matta?"

"Well, you must have given them to an awful duffer to post for you to save you the trouble. He posted them all on one day, just as you wrote them, and I got the whole lot two days after you left."

Excusing himself, Wingram called a taxicab and rode thirteen miles out into the country and sat on a fence with his thoughts.

His Modest Request.

As the motor car dashed into a little village the driver pulled up with a frantic jolt.

A man was standing right in front of his machine waving his arms violently and shouting: "Hoop! Hi, stop!"

"What's the trouble?" snapped the motorist: "Is it a police trap?"

"That's all right," said the man, blandly. "I ain't no policeman, only my wife was asked to a wedding tomorrow and I want a drop of petrol to clean her gloves with."

A Simple Method.

The professor was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the geography class.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked, with his usual, "Now the answer is correct."

"Very true. Is the can an animate or an inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me how, with the tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his right hand.

"Tom your answer, Rutherford."

"Tie it to a dog's tail."

Melancholy Facts.

The autumn leaves are falling
Off the bough, in the street.
But the price would be appalling
If her were good to eat.

Tho the present price of leather
Makes him rich who owns a skin.
We must bar "the altogether"
From select affairs we're in.

We frown upon the cheaper,
A puree-proud lot are we.
We may be sans the Grim Reaper
Because salvation's free!

Used to Roughing It.

Pa, ma and the six children stood in a row on the pavement beaming on the landlady who had appeared at the front door, when the head of the family addressed her.

"We have come to spend a month by the sea, mum, and I should be glad if you would give me particulars of the furnished apartments that I understand you have vacant."

"Certainly, sir—certainly! The rooms are all ready if you care to see them. But I must say, sir, I rather hope you don't think it only fair to tell you that there is no bathroom."

The family took the wreckage of father, ceased to smile, but father was of sterner stuff.

"Only one bed? Well, well, it can't be helped! I'm not particular, my dear. We must expect to put up with such little inconveniences in holiday time. Besides, we're all quite used to roughing it, and the kids will be all in the least mind sleeping on the floor."

Her Unnatural Fear.

Oh, yes, it was a thrilling Wild West film, and the audience in the picture palace followed the adventures of the frail-looking heroine with cheers and groans.

In the first reel the villain tied the lady to a railway track just as the 10:30 down express was about due. In the second he trapped her in a deserted house, locked her in a first-floor room, and then burned the place down. In the third real he put her under a buzzsaw, and so on and so forth. In the fourth he undermined a bridge, so that she and her motor car were precipitated into the angry waters beneath. In the fifth he sought to win her, and when she refused from him he cried

"Gwendolee—Gwendolen, why fear me?"

Never Heard of Her.

For several days Mandy, the faithful cook, failed to put in an appearance. Her mistress made anxious inquiries and found to her dismay that Mandy had been arrested. She hastened down to the courthouse to see what could be done.

"Why, Mandy?" she exclaimed, "what in the world have you been doing to get arrested?"

"Ah ain't been doin' nothin' 'tall, Mis' Anna," was the indignant reply. "All dis fresh fuss is about dat no 'count Nina Hennessy, and Ah ain't nevah heahed of her befo'!"—Judge.

Looking for a Friend.

A pleasant lady customer was looking at tooksatites. The patient clerk handed down large tooksatites and small tooksatites, platinum tooksatites and copper. Finally the pleasant lady said: "Well, I'll look around some more before I buy one to bring for a friend."

Then the patient clerk, "Here is one right here. Perhaps you will find your friend in that."

Sisters.

"A laboring man's election campaign is a terrible ordeal," sighed Bacon.

"Tsaintsay! He climber who fell off a shepholder and can always take his pick!"

Not Like Her.

Bacon—"I met your wife downtown today."

Egbert—"Really? What did she have to say?"

"Oh, very little."

"I say, old man, that wasn't my wife."

The Irony of Fate.

"Life presents some curious paradoxes."

"I have no doubt of that."

"For instance, I read in a newspaper this morning about a famous mountain climber who fell off a shepholder and can always take his pick!"

Punctuation.

"Will you please punctuate this sentence for me?" asked the author. "I have written it without any stops at all."

"Certainly," said the editor, and he wrote:

"Stop! Stop! Stop

The Fairy Corner

A QUESTION OF RELATIONSHIP.

I have found the pussy-willows,
With their coats of silvery fur,
Playing softly by the wayside,
And have harked to hear them purr.

In the marsh I've seen the cat-tails,
Mongst the grass and fleur-de-lis,
Standing tall and brown and shabby,
And I've stroked them carefully.

Mamma, this I wish to know
Ere I lay me on my pillow:
Is the cat-tail in the marsh
Cousin to the pussy-willow?

MAN OF DUMFRIES.

There was an old man of Dumfries,
Who always wore kilts and bare knees,
But when he grew old and the weather got cold,
He burst in a terrible sneeze.

BUDDHA OF PEGU.

A statue of immense proportions—in all probability the largest representation of the human form in the world—was discovered by mere accident of work on the railroad between Rangoon and Mandalay (Burma) was being constructed this statue was uncovered. It was in 1881 that the engineer in charge of the work of the road was looking for ballast for the track. "The country abounded in jungles stretched from five to ten miles between the river and the hills. At the edge of these jungles was found a fold of laterite buried beneath the centuries of decaying vegetation. The contractor had found this kind of rock valuable in the construction of bridges and embankments and now sought to get it in quantities for the bed of the road. While the workmen, at the engineers order, were clearing away some trees preparatory to sinking a shaft and were digging into the mass of debris to discover the formation beneath, they struck something as hard as granite. On examination it was found that there was a solid formation of the nature of burnt brick. This was found about three feet below the surface of the earth. The contractor's agent stopped the men from digging and himself made a careful survey of the ground. He then proceeded to have a portion of this underbrush and trees and earth and vegetation and found that the long, low hill on which he was working was nothing less than a gigantic and fairly well preserved figure of Gautama, the holy prince of India. After the entire statue had been carefully uncovered it was found to measure one hundred and eighty feet in length and forty-seven feet high at the shoulders.

The history of this enormous piece of art is vague. Judging by the style of workmanship the figure cannot possibly be less than five hundred years old, but if it be of this late date, there is no record to be found of its construction.

The government has decided to have the work of covering this mighty Buddha with an overhanging shade to protect it from the elements. The natives of the country round about look upon this noble representation of their Buddha as something holy, and have enriched the figure by putting on the soles of the feet and beneath the mighty head splendid Burmese glass-mosaic.

And so the visitor views this marvelous statue, reclining with slightly raised head and shoulders and outstretched legs, in a setting of wild vegetation and deep jungles. How many centuries it has lain there, covered by nature's own shroud, no one can answer, will never be known, for its sculptor put no word or date upon it, for such was the secret of its power. But it forms a part of shrine for the Burmese, who gather about it at all times to sing or *sing unusual to see a dozen or more of these dark-skinned Buddhists squatting at the base of the statue, their lighted tapers at it with silent wonder and reverence. It is indeed one of the wonders of the East, where so many wonders exist.*

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When I was a boy, I had to get
Right up and hump, you bet;
When my Pa spoke to me,
And if I didn't move right spry,
My Pa, he stuck around close by,
An' MOVED me, don't you see.

An' when he said, "Bring in the wood,"
I moved almost 's quick 's I could,
An' didn't linger long;
I'd hustle round to the old wood-pile,
An' Ma'd stand in th' door an' smile,
An' hum a little song.

But when I got my work all done,
Pa an' Ma an' me had fun,
An' maybe go somewhere;
Sometimes we'd go to Uncle Frank's,
Where I'd play on a pile of planks;
'Twas great fun over there.

Don't seem to me boys, nowadays,
Have near so nice times anyways;
They do not mind so good;
An' I think boys would better be,
If their Pa would stick around an' see,
That they brought in more wood.

Work is the greatest stuff, all right,
To give a boy a appetite,
You try it an' you'll see;
An' it keeps him out of mischief, too,
An' makes a boy grow, that's true,
An' that's what they're meant to be.

A Cat Fight.

You can't explain things to animals
You can train them to do something or not to do it, but they need more than explanation. Mr. Kreiner's cat might have been a good citizen and kept her temper if she had understood the why and the wherefore, but nobody explained it to her, and so she started to fight.

She had a litter of five kittens, and the home she had chosen for them was the clothes closet. Mr. Kreiner's straw hat was lying there upside down and just large enough for a bed for the kittens So into the hat the mother cat put her babies.

Mr. Kreiner did not find out what had happened until two or three days after the happening was all over. The family was well settled and did not care to move, but Mr. Kreiner wanted his straw hat, and so he took the kits down cellar. The mother cat objected, and after the kits had been dumped down in a corner of the basement she decided to do more than object. She gave a jump and got a hold on Mr. Kreiner with her claws, and then she went after him with all four feet and a pair of jaws. Mr. Kreiner had to call the doctor after he had beaten off the cat, and then he decided that the cat might keep her kittens upstairs in the clothes closet if she liked. His hat, however, he hung up high on the wall.

LITTLE MOTHER.

Hans and Liz said I told lies
This morning, 'cause I was baby slep'.
An' I was tryin' to keep them still
While we played jackstones on my step.

I said one year—'twas country week—
A woman took some girls an' me
Way, 'way off—to the grandest place,
Where flowers an' berries all was free!

An' to a house with twenty rooms,
Where lots of children an' woman stayed.
I had a bedroom all myself,
An' never was one bit afraid.

Hans said there wasn't no such thing,
'Cause in a bedroom there must be
Your father, mother, an' nice kids;
An' then some boarders, two or three.

An' nights when it got orful hot.
You slept out on the roof, or walk,
Or fire-escape. But Hans don't know!
I scorns them vulgar children's talk!

Oo-o! Don't I wish some country folks
With twenty rooms had one to spare
For such a little girl like some,
With ol' plaid dress, an' yaller hair!

DINNER TIME.

On the shore of Lake Klamath, which lies on the boundary of California and Oregon, the Government has set apart a section where hunting and breeding of pelicans can take place without any disturbance by hunters. To this place a noted student of bird surveyed, traveling all the way from New York in order that he might learn the habits of this peculiar bird. Concealing himself one day he watched the young bird while it got its dinner, and *Mothers' Magazine describes his experiences.*

The mother pelican gorged herself on whole fish like any hungry bird, then flew and returned home to meet the young bird, which stood before her clad in fluffy white down, while the stumpy, crooked members that represented its wings and croaking with all its might. The croaks and excited actions never ceased till the mother pelican opened her immense beak, points downward, and the young bird poked its head into the feathery pouch. Farther and farther it went till at last it actually stood on the rim of its mother's beak. It looked as if the young bird was to meet its death as the fish had met theirs, in the interior of the mother bird.

Up and up, then and down, went the young bird till he had pushed beyond the beak and down into the neck. Then began a series of contortions, and the

This Suit FREE
Here we go again smashing all records for new, nobby, shapely fine dress suits. Be the first in your town to write us and we'll send you a sample free. Write today. Don't miss it. We positively guarantee you a perfect fitting suit. Write today.
$50 to $100 a Week
Big money for you. Don't send for our advance book, select the style you want and the cloth. Let us leave our wonderful offer. Don't delay. Don't delay. Write right away. A postal will do. We send everything the day your request is received. We pay postage on everything. Write today. Don't miss it. Be sure to write now for full particulars at once.
PARAGON TAILORING CO.
DEPT. 1106 CHICAGO

WATCH OR SHOES FREE
We positively give a high grade Man's Watch or a fine pair of Man's or Ladies' Shoes free to every lady writing us at once. Fair Killing Co., Dept. 1, Chicago. Ill. Also a fine watch free to every lady who sells 30 Mexican Vanilla Lamp Rock, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen or Menthol Cough Drops at 25 cents per box. When you get cash you send premium to us. Send No Money but write for Free Premium List and Big Offer. Write us today.
Chemical Compound Co.
76 Chase Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

CRYING DOLL FREE
Latest novelty in dolls. She is a wonder, one cry and it makes no more noise than a baby. She has natural looking hair, beautiful eyes, and is all dressed in the latest style. Comes with fancy bonnet to match. She can stand once her own legs and cry. You can have her for a few hours' work among your friends. Write us for FREE, all charges prepaid for selling 12 of our beautiful Art Pictures at 10 cents each. Send no money. We trust them.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 82, East Boston, Mass.

You Can Now Learn to Speak in Public
Be the man who carries the crowd from indifference to tears and from tears to hearty applause. Dominate your audience with the influence of your personality. Increase your salary. Become a leader. Prepare at home—by mail—during spare moments. Simple, logical and scientific course of training. No lessons or exercises.
Write Now for Special Offer Before it is withdrawn. Get details of our special limited offer. Write us today. Don't delay. Address Public Speaking Dept. American Correspondence School of Law, 1916 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Start a Friendship-Maid-Link-Bracelet

Sterling Silver Gold Plated Links. Only 12c each. Start with 12 and add others as you earn them. Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chamberlain, Dept. 464, New York

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN
Write us and we will send you a genuine American Watch and Set of Watch, Ring and Chain, exactly as shown in picture. Sell 20 packages of Bluine at 10c per package. When sold send us $2.00 and we will send you the Watch, Ring and Chain. Write today. Bluine Co., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

165,000 Tons of $4.00 GOLD Ore Already mined Homestake paid $8,000,000 dividend on $4.00 stock. Stock to be sold to build mill, 6 cents a share. Write WM. P. NYE & CO., 955 Gas & Electric Bldg., DENVER, COLO.

ECZEMA Is Only Skin Deep Therefore Cuticura will cure ECZEMA, Only by the application of Cuticura and the Cuticura Ointment.

FREE Film Camera and complete outfit. Write for particulars. Send no money. Just a postal will do. Tell us your name and address. We will send you free of charge one of our beautiful Post Cards at 10 cents each. When sold send us $1.00 and we will send you the Camera and Outfit at once. Address GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 248, CHICAGO

Flashlight Free PARTICULARS 2c
Dr. Hess & Clark Specialty Co., Des Moines, Ia.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Mends clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, laces of all kinds, kid gloves, stockings, umbrellas, carpets, oilcloths, etc. Paragon Tissue. Sample package, 25 cents. Address PEN'S PUBLISHING CO., PASADENA, Pa.

Sacred Secret Kills SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Until recently ugly, I had a regular mustache and beard and ... covering my ... Everything I tried, including the electric needle, only made it worse. Finally my ... Officer in the British Army, secured from a Native Hindu Soldier the closely guarded secret of the Mohammedan religious rite, which ... [illegible] ... Within a few days my ... had entirely disappeared. Today ... can be found. I will send free to any ... who writes me, ... Miss, with 2c stamp for ... name and address, ... stating whether Mrs. or Miss.
FREE
MRS. HUDSON
Whose Soldier-Husband's Drawing Secured the Sacred Hindoo Secret. Dept. 829, Atchison, Kan.

WETO GRAPH SECRET SYSTEM
Invaluable for lessons and for ... ad drawers, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. ... Weto Graph. Send for ... the Weto Graph. Great fun for ... Send 10c and we will send ... Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE
Marvelous Beauty Cream and Skin Food ... Removes ... Tones ... Whitens ... Softens ... Invigorates ... Nourishes ... Beautifies ... Prevents ... Restores ... Develops ... Clears ... Refines ... Soothes ... Heals ... Protects ... Perfects ... Rejuvenates ... Makes ... Keeps ... Gives ... Imparts ... Produces ... Creates ... Cures ... Eradicates ... Banishes ... Overcomes ... Obliterates ... Transforms ... Transfigures ... Transmutes ... Transubstantiates ... Metamorphoses

spectators felt sure that either the mother or her offspring would come out of the conflict mangled and disabled, but after a moment of quiet the nestling appeared and stepped out of its mother's beak, not only unhurt, but satisfied with its big dinner of fish. His croaks were stilled until they were again used to express his hunger and to excite his mother's sympathies.

The pelicans are the greatest fishers among birds, and they have wings that enable them to soar for hours, almost without wing action.

KING OF BEASTS.

What should you think of an animal that was afraid of the daylight, but brave at night. Our friend the lion prowls about in the forests of Asia and Africa, but seldom shows himself by daylight, as he fears man. But with the darkness his bravery returns.

When we look at the full-grown lion he seems a fearful beast. But this same lion was once a cub, as tame and playful as your kitten. Unlike kittens, lion cubs are born with their eyes open. They become playful before they are many days old, and roll each other about. Think how brave a lion cub must be to pull and bite its mother's tail!

RHEUMATISM AFTER HIS DAY'S OUTING

Hunting Trip On a Wet Day Brings Painful Results

Once upon a time Charles Mullen, of Philadelphia, went gunning. It was a dismal rainy day, and long exposure to cold and wet brought on a severe attack of rheumatism. He was confined to his home.

A friend recommended Sloan's Liniment, citing his own case as evidence of its effectiveness. Mullen bought a bottle and applied it to his aching limbs. Soon improvement was noticed and he was able to return to business.

Mr. Mullen writes: "Since that experience I have never been without Sloan's Liniment in the medicine chest." You will find it soothes bruises, sprains, toothache and relieves lame back, neuralgia, in fact all external pains. At all druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

Oriental Wonder Ring 12c
BRILLIANT IMITATION DIAMOND SET IN BLACK PERSIAN IVORY
Won't tarnish nor discolor. Will last a lifetime. Send size and 12c today for trial ring. ORIENTAL MFG. CO., 1005 E. Waterloo Ave., Providence, R. I.

Crown Your Teeth
Save the Gold Finish Shells and fool your Friends. Latest fad; resemble dentists' work. Slips over the tooth, easily adjusted, returned at will. Over 2 million sold. All delighted. Price 10c each, 4 for 35c. D Republic Co., 2254 E. Lavelle St., Chicago

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes With head, or no fee. No fasting. 42 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. M. HENRY SMITH, Specialist, 503 N. 13th St., St. Louis, Mo.

LEG SORES
Healed by ANTI-PLASMA Positive Plaster. Stops Scratching around sores. Heals while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Manufacturing Co., 1800 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

PARALYSIS Book Free Write For It You Will Want It, If Paralyzed. Dr. Chase, 224 N. Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED
Prescription sent absolutely free by
MRS. J. KAY, Box 653-Z, OAKLAND, CAL.

LADIES Send for our free catalogue describing the Cull Suspender. "A Boon to Womankind." Made of pure soft rubber. Address BEE HIVE CO., Dept. 10, Belle Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parkersburg, Pa.

HIGH HOPES.

Mrs. Smithers had spoken so tenderly and so often of her son John that Miss French felt that the flattered recipient of these precious confidences, might even be willing to accept the name of Smithers in exchange for hers, for such perfection and virtue would come with it.

Miss French met John after a few weeks at a health resort. There she had fallen into the company of Mrs. Smithers so much that she was with her almost when she found Mrs. Smithers seated in her favorite corner sewing or when she went for a walk to the springs and found Mrs. Smithers slowly climbing thitherward, to be easily overtaken.

On all such occasions Mrs. Smithers revelled in blissful recollections of beauties in her son's character or in golden dreams of his future.

Miss French listened with fluttering bosom. It was not surprising that her previously untouched heart throbbed deliciously when Mrs. Smithers told of the chivalry in her John's nature. Did an act of bravery or heroism reach her ears, never was a hero more loyal to something in John's brief but brilliant career that put the heroism of others completely in the shade. John was the soul of all things noble, of all good and true and upright things, and he abhorred all mean, weak or contemptible natures as theroly as he hated devil and sin.

If a child crossed their paths Mrs. Smithers saw in it, not her own pleasure and love in past childhood, but that her John couldn't see a child on the street without stopping to speak to it. And generous! And kind! And brave! And handsome! Oh, thoughts of John brought tears to his mother's eyes!

So when Miss French pressed Miss French's hand tenderly and whispered in a voice trembling with emotion that John was coming to his side together the following week, and that Mrs. Smithers looked forward to the joy of letting Miss French share the delights of his presence. Miss French pressed Mrs. Smithers' hand in return. As she did so she felt a thrill of warmth and happiness cross the heart. It was certainly getting romantic to think that she was soon to meet a man who was almost if not quite, perfect.

She listened with something of the mother's own excited intensity for the carriage wheels on the day of John's arrival. The thought even crossed her mind that she ought to express her appreciation to Mrs. Smithers for giving her this great pleasure. She pictured herself as she might be in the future, as a blooming Mrs. Smithers, admired and adored by John, the envy of all her friends, the possessor of absolute happiness.

Why did she feel so hopeful? Well, hadn't Mrs. Smithers assured her that John was so attached to his mother that he wouldn't dream of falling in love without his mother's sanction?

And hadn't Mrs. Smithers looked the world over in vain for a wife worthy of John—looked and found no one, almost tempted to admit that there wasn't a girl in the world capable of filling that exalted position? But now—now—Then Mrs. Smithers had smiled meaningly at Miss French's hand and quoted her text. Wasn't that reason enough for Miss French to anticipate a perfect future?

When the carriage finally arrived Miss French watched with an intensity that hurt, as each passenger stepped out of it. But when it was finally emptied she sighed a deep sigh of regret.

He hadn't come!

She reached for Mrs. Smithers' hand to comfort her. But Mrs. Smithers' hand was gone, and so was Mrs. Smithers!

With outstretched arms Mrs Smithers was racing down the platform to a wizened little man with a fast-increasing bald spot and a propensity for loud talk who was bickering with the driver over his fare. A shrill voice like that of a high-pitched voice that reminded Miss French of a Punch and Judy show. His mother rushed on before his explanation was completed, and she threw herself into his arms before he was aware of her presence.

"Oh, hello, ma!" he said casually, but in a penetrating voice. "It was sort of hard to get away—my books didn't balance last night, and I thought I'd have to stay over another day—but I fixed them. Here, ma, you carry this satchel, will you? I'll carry the other one."

Miss French fled precipitately from their path that she might escape the promised introduction. She wandered then to pick away the debris of her ruined air castles.

* * *

The Helping Hand.

"There's your chance to rescue beauty in distress, remarked Willoughby, as he pointed across the park to where a woman motorist was wrestling with a balky car that refused to be cranked.

"Kindly excuse me!" replied DeForrest as he lit a fresh one. "A burned child fears the fire."

"Were you burned?"

"Slightly, around the finger-tips. I was going south on a State street car when there entered a red-faced woman puffing with two baskets. She had just come back on a boat with some trophies from the Michigan fruit belt. I volunteered to open the car window for her. I gave a couple of tugs, but the window wouldn't budge. Then I tried to brace myself, and made one mighty effort, but wita that my foot slipped and my knee went kerplunk right into that basket of ripe plums. It was a fascinating color, deep, dark and delicious. You never saw such a mash as the knee of my trousers immediately assumed. But it spoiled the plums. So I went away from that car immediately."

"Reminds me of one Sunday in Ju said Willoughby, "when I took a w side girl out to one of the neighborhood ball parks. Everything went lovely—ate and all that. I was busy trying to explain to her the difference between the umpire and the coach, and how to give her a few pointers on base running, when all the time I could see that she was listening only with one ear. Her mind was on her hat. Eventually a red-headed batter knocked a foul ball that shot up like the price of wheat, and I see that it was coming in our direction, so I said to my companion: 'Just watch me catch it.'

"Well, at that thing actually did head straight for us. I stood up and got ready for it. The sun was kind of in my eyes, so naturally, as the ball came, I rattled me telling me that she was sure she would be knocked flat. Anyway, the ball didn't strike in my fingers, but shot right thru them and hit the girl on her rose garden. The flowers flew in every direction and the girl went for whimper thru sheer mortification. I was advised by the fans to get a basket and to use fly paper.

"Well," said DeForrest, "why didn't you?"

* * *

Her Hat.

A woman entered a tramcar rather out of breath and presented a singular appearance, for instead of a hat she was balancing a huge basket on her head with as much grace and ease as if it had been her Sunday bonnet. She could only just manage to get thru the doorway, but after a struggle with a basket gracefully poised on her head

"All fares, please," said the conductor

"And I shall want 2 pence for that there basket, mum

"Get away with yer," she said "I charge anything for ladies' hats"

"No, mum.

"Thin get on with yer work. This 'ere basket is a-going to be my 'at."

* * *

The hard tack issued to soldiers is not as hard as the one you discover with your bare foot.

39 SELECTED NOVELS FREE

We want to give you this big collection of thirty nine Novels, Novelettes and stories, some of the most interesting works of the most popular writers. Each is a complete story in itself. All are well printed on good paper and bound in paper covers. We will give you this whole collection, free of charge, just to make you acquainted with our paper, Good Stories.

The Diamond Blood — Ella W. Pierce
A Too Long Night — Mary Kyle Dallas
Secret of the Holly-Tree — Charlotte M. Braeme
Unmasked — Emma F. Dey
The Untold Cross — Mary Grace
The Countess Clarice — Charlotte M. Braeme
Lady Maud's Picture — Emma F. Dey
Mistress of Thornton Park — Mary Grace
In a Night — Emma F. Dey
The Witching Hour — and 29 others.

GOOD STORIES is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful serial and short stories we can buy. In addition there are household departments with "tried and true" receipts, helpful editorials, up-to-date fashions. Good Stories has something for every member of the family.

WRITE NOW Send your name and address with ten cents in stamps or silver for a 3-months' trial subscription to Good Stories, and we will send you, free and postpaid, this grand collection of 39 Novels.

Publishers GOOD STORIES, 112 Chapel St., Augusta, Maine

GET ONE WATCH FREE
SEND NO MONEY Standard 16 size, open face, stem wind and set, nickel silver case, accurately timed and fully guaranteed. This elegant watch sent free to introduce our High Grade C.O.D. Parcel Post plan. Regular price $3.50 and upwards; our special introductory price $1.98 and upwards. Write today for free watch offer and our big catalog. Address CHICAGO WATCH CO., 1200 Chicago Watch Bldg., CHICAGO

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10¢
BETTER THAN MUCILAGE

GIVEN AWAY
Write today for 12 packs Smith's Herb Tea to sell at 10c per pkg. Send Nothing. When sold send us $1.20 and we will send you a Watch FREE.
SMITH DRUG CO., Box 164 Woodsboro, Md.

FREE
Write for Catalog and Special Offer
Marvelous Repeating Rifle
BIG RIFLE CATALOG Showing 20 Art and Handsome Photographic Reproductions
BIG GUNS CO., Dept. 245 CHICAGO

These Wonderful Bargains Can't Be Equaled

Men's Fine Brown Worsted Suit $5.95 Only
Suit No. 34. Send us your name today for this fine worsted suit, comfort guaranteed, for only $5.95 to those within the U.S. Your money back if not satisfied. Suit is pretty shade of brown with self-colored stripes and herringbone weave. Coat is stylishly tailored, single breasted, sack design. Vest is collarless. Trousers are cut in latest style, full and roomy. Sizes 34 to 42 breast measure; 30 to 42 waist. Postpaid for only $5.95 free. Only

Only $5.95 For This Men's Fine Black Melton Overcoat
Overcoat No. 35. Made of fine quality fancy herringbone weave, in a good, serviceable black Melton. Smooth finished, soft, medium weight, all wool cloth. Sizes 34 to 46 breast measure. Guaranteed to be a good fitter. Vent in back. Velvet collar. Sleeves are lined with good quality mercerized sateen. Postpaid for only $5.95

Outfit—Suit and Overcoat $10.95 Complete Delivered Free. Regular Value $15.

Send for Our FREE Bargain Book
Everything to Wear for Men, Women and Children. It will have revolutionary effect on the cost of wearing apparel for the whole family.

Order Direct From This Ad
Get Catalog for Hundreds of Other Bargains

Men's Shoe Special $2.48
Men's Blucher Shoes No. 4
Chicago Mail Order Company
Dept. Chicago, Illinois

NOTE
Send us your name and address and we will send you free a copy of our big Bargain Book showing what you can buy of us for wear for men, women and children at your own home.

Name

Street and No

City State

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Many big pay visits you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks required. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $60 to $500 per month. Address nearest office, Dept. B-37, National Salesmen Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

SALESMEN, MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our punchboard deals. Liebrand Bros., 1417 Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

FATTEN YOUR POCKET-BOOK SELLING famous high grade staple shaped cigars direct to consumers. Nationally advertised; wonderful opportunity; goods recommend themselves; great repeater; quick, easy sales. If you are able to carry $100 worth of stock on cash basis will give exclusive agency; 20% not profits; we guarantee sales. Isenberg Cigar Company, 45 Fourteenth St., Wheeling, West Virginia.

AMAZING, NEW INVENTION. MARVELous adding machine. Retails $7.50. Adds, subtracts, multiplies. Does work of $200 machine. Five-year guarantee. Enormous demand. Every prospect a customer. Sells quick for first offer and protected territory. Dudley Research Corporation, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR INstead of a dollar a day. Sell Mendets the famous cloth patch for instantly mending leaks in graniteware, tinware, copper, brass, silk and rubber goods without heat, solder, cement or tools. Sample and 48-page catalogue of fast selling specialties free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 19, Amsterdam, N. Y.

BIG TEXTILE MILLS WANT AMBITIOUS men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, neckwear, hosiery, underwear and raincoats. 460 styles. Easy sales. Values all or spare time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Stratford Mills, 503 Fifth St., Cohoes, N. Y.

HERE'S A SURE MONEY-MAKING PROPOsition — big profit selling Dr Scott's Magnetic Brushes. Believe it or not, you can get 2 years' trial and 10 strokes. Exclusive territory allowed. Write for selling & specialties. Liberal proposition. Est. 1870. Dr. Scott, 72 Fake-st., Fall Mall Electric Co., 138 W. 24 St., N. Y.

AGENTS — STEADY INCOME. LARGE line of complete outfits. Dresses, Coats, Skirts, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Reliable, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Write for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 62 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—A ONE CENT POST CARD WILL put you in touch with a new and big proposition selling Aluminum Utensils and Specialties direct to the consumer. Don't let one cent stand between you and prosperity. Drop a card to American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

AGENTS TO TRAVEL BY AUTOMOBILE to introduce our 250 fast selling popular priced household necessities. The greatest line ever offered. Make $10 to $25 daily. Complete auto and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 3854 3rd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL CRYSTAL. IT'S A WONder in quick selling. Every home a prospect. Selling without talking, a whirlwind seller. Big repeater. Write today for free sample offer. Utility Co., Dept. A, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MAN OR WOMAN OF GOOD CHARACTER wanted in each locality to distribute goods and advertising. Experience unnecessary. Reference required. $18 a week to start. Address Rodney D. Kite & Co., 1 Kite Building, Chicago.

WANTED RELIABLE PEOPLE — PLACE Wiggins in stores and appoint subagents. Experience not necessary to big money making 3c dos. Large package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Company, 4402-21 Madison, Chicago.

GET DAVIS' LATEST XMAS PROPOSITION. Hundreds of people are making more money than they have answered my ad—profits are big and sales easy. Write again. Hurry. E. M. Davis, Dept. 509, 960 Chicago.

BIG MONEY EASY SELLING UNI-LITES. ... make $50 to $100 weekly in ... 20 ordinary homes. ... Used in house and ... Brass Mfg. Co., 1043 Uni-Lite Bldg.

AGENTS WANTED—TO ADVERTISE OUR 5-a-day Perfumerized Soap. Complete outfit 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Kay Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 3, Dayton, Ohio.

$25000 SALARY FOR 60 DAYS' WORK ... [illegible] ... Chicago.

SUITS $15.95, PANTS $3.95 to measure. For even a better offer than this write at once for free cloth samples. Progress Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 514, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell ... dresses, waists, skirts, direct to wearer. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 856 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS NOT EARNING $2000 YEARLY should let us show them how to make much more. We train the inexperienced. Write today. Novelty Cutlery Co., 128 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL RELIABLE CUSTOM MADE raincoats. Big commission. Complete sample outfit free. Tremont Raincoat Co., Dept. 61, Boston, Mass.

HUSTLERS MAKE $30 TO $50 WEEKLY distributing circulars, samples, tacking signs, etc. Advertisers National Agency, Dept. B-48, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN SOAP AND TOILET goods business without a dollar. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 3024 Easton Ave., St. Louis.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Personal and full layout free. Write quick. Lawsman Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

RELIABLE AGENT WANTED. MARVELous invention quickens, accelerates health resources. Box 857-A, Chicago.

NON-SPILLING COMPOUND SELLS on sight. Samples 3c. Schubert, 3210W Division, Chicago.

WELLER'S TOILET PREPARATIONS, 7358 West 43rd Street, Chicago. Terms free. 10 oz. Jars.

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS MEN AND WOMEN WANTED for Government Jobs, $75.00 month, steady work. Short hours. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 194, Rochester, N. Y.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO TRAVEL FOR old established Mfg. House. Staple line. $18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to write us today. Big pay, steady work, splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy your own goods or services, are offered here.

OVER 50 DAILY EASILY EARNED KNITting at home. Auto-Knitters furnished on time. Send 2c stamp. Dept. 79, Auto Knitter Co., 1427 Franklin, Chicago.

WANTED—MEN TO BECOME CHAUFfeurs. Earn $18 weekly. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 194, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W52, Cleveland, O.

EASY MONEY, QUICKLY MADE. BOYS, send stamp for free samples. Spears, R 34, 1133 Broadway, N. Y.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU IN THE REAL EState Business. Complete instruction $2. Write John Hopkins, 1270 Broadway, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE DESIRable however obtained. But schools are not all alike. My Washington Civil Service School alone given a bond guaranteeing the student's success. My complete course shows its confidence in its system of correspondence instruction. Write for guaranteeing statements. Look into it before you act. Write for free book. Washington Civil Service Institution you need about positions and examinations. Washington Civil Service Institution, 1013 Madison Bldg., Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS; MAIL, POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared now. Former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Tolbert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write, Ludwig Detective System, Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. $1200 to $2000 yearly. Steady work. Vacation. Examinations questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 194, Rochester, N. Y.

GOVERNMENT FARMERS NEEDED. BIG salaries. Permanent job. Light work. Write, Inland Co., 1, Kansas City, Mo.

SILVERING MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEware, autos, bicycles, lamps, beds. Book free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

REFINED WOMEN WANTED TO INTROduce Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write for samples. Fitschefax Company, Department 176, Trenton, New Jersey.

LADIES—FASCINATING HOME BUSINESS. Supplying tinted postcards, pictures, etc., spare time, make $18 to $36 per evening; samples 10c. Manhattan Co., Dept. 109, 110 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell goods; salary to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Soap Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

LADIES, WE WANT GIRL OR YOUNG lady piece dinner set free. Write today. Be first in your town. Address, W. C. Co., Dept. 10, Tyrone, Pa.

OLD COINS WANTED

WE PAY $80.00 FOR CERTAIN LARGE cents; $5.00 for certain eagle cents, etc. High premiums paid for rare coins to 1912. Many in circulation. Watch your change. Send 4c now. Get our large illustrated coin and stamp circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 1, Fort Worth, Texas.

NAMES

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR NAMES AND ADdresses. Send dime for contract. Directory, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$100 INVESTED, PROFITS $3,000. TREmendous profits made by thousands who invest in oil. We control over 2,000 acres. Help develop our leases right in two famous oil fields, Humble and Goose Creek, where gusher wells pay thousands daily. Drilling has begun; we want 10 wells and more shares, $12.50 monthly payments if desired. Price subject to advance. Write for literature, references and co-operative plan. Houston Oil Fields Association, 1116 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

8020 PRODUCING OIL WELLS; ON four sides of our land within an eighth of a mile. Right in the home of the great Texas Co. that had net profits of $13,193,723.73 in 1919. Let us show you how $70.69 invested in small monthly payments will earn you $365.00 or more yearly. Houston-Humble Oil Co., 1260 Conway Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$15 INVESTED WILL MAKE $1,000 YEARLY. Gets Warranty Deed, also interest in Corporation that will soon be ready to drill in big gusher territory. $1 cash, $1 monthly. Limited time. Early buyers raise in price, which may be soon. Particulars free. Triangle Oil Syndicate, 1128 Main St., Houston, Texas.

WANTED—PARTNER WITH $5,000.00 TO lease in a mine that has produced million dollars. Address 429 South First Street, Cripple Creek, Colo.

REAL ESTATE

BEST OPPORTUNITIES TODAY ARE IN the South for farm and other homeseekers. Low priced lands; easy terms; rare acres for grain, alfalfa and other crops, healthful home environment; opportunity for dairying, poultry, fruit and truck farmers. Write for literature. W. V. Richards, Industrial Agt. Colonies, Room 5 Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

FARMS WANTED

I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALABLE farms. Write me at once, giving full description, location and cash price. James White, Peoria, Illinois.

FARMS WANTED— HAVE 7,000 BUYERS; describe your unsold property. 534 Farmers Exchange, Denver, Colo.

FARM LANDS

CALIFORNIA LAND $1 PER ACRE CASH. Balance purchase price, 1 month per acre. Interest free. Loan given. Pay taxes. Only interest. Cover San Joaquin Valley. Only 3 hours from Los Angeles. 5 acres up. Title ready to pass. Deed in escrow. Get it now before it's gone. Particulars, maps, photographs. Irrigated Farms Colony, Desk F, 785 Market St., San Francisco.

MISSOURI LAND

OOK MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 DOWN, $5.00 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land; near railroad town; price $160; $10 down, $10 monthly buys 80 acres. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

PROFITABLE LITTLE FARMS IN VALLEY of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts $250 and up. Good fruit and poultry country. Send for literature now. F. H. LaBaume, Agr. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

INDEPENDENCE IS YOURS ON 10 ACRES. Close to city, while you work. Can clear near town; best county in Michigan. Only $10 down, $10 monthly. Write today for general farming. Write for free literature. Swigart Land Co., X1249 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE

DIAMONDS—GENUINE, PERFECT CUT. Sold by Bell Telephone cashier to Tiffany style, $9.88. Men's 3c tooth mountings, $3.45. Jewelry Brokerage, 629 Trade Street, Winston-Salem, N. C.

KENTUCKY NEW SORGHUM MOLASSES, 5 gallon pail, $2.50 prepaid to your home. Sample mailed for 5c. S. Stoenbildt, Hawesville, Ky.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

PHOTOPLAYS, PLOTS WANTED; NEW company, submit in any form; no school or correction guaranteed; inclose return postage. Carlton Company, Scenario Dept., Wesley Roberts Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

WRITE MOTION PLAYS; SHORT STORIES. Poems; $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 644, Cincinnati.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25-$250 PAID. EXperience unnecessary; details free to new writers. Producers League, 460, St. Louis.

TRAPPERS

SEND FOR FUR PRICE LIST. FREE trappers' guide and particulars of free gift to trappers. Hill Fur Co., Dept. 468 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS:—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., for publication. Literary Bureau, 156, Hannibal, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG POEMS WANTED—FOR BEST OFFER submit manuscript to Needham Music Co., D-44, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE MONOGRAMS IDENTIFY your car. Attached easily. Samples free. Auto Co., Cumberland, 348 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

MAKE MONEY QUICK—IN MOVING PICture business. We start you and furnish guaranteed outfit on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Catalog free. Monarch Film Service, 328 Union Ave., Dept. C, Memphis, Tenn.

$5.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government Institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

HONEY

BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY, 30 lb. can $2.60; two or more cans, $2.45 each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sample 10 cts. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

HEIRS WANTED

HEIRS—THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES ARE waiting for fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our "Next of Kin" list, containing "Who's Who and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains without charge, the names of missing heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad. Also contains list of certain Chancery Court of England and Ireland items, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book, may be your 2c stamp at once for free examination. International Claim Agency, 5 Pittsburgh, Pa.

GAMES, TRICKS

FREE—TRICKS, PUZZLES, JOKERS, TOYS, Games, Catalog Free. Oaks Magic Co., Dept. 354, Oshkosh, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—SONGS, POEMS. We market on commission. Inventors Agency, 2803 Lake, Chicago.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. Our three books sent free upon request. Illustrated guide, Vol. 1, Patents and Trade-Marks, Vol. 2, Selling Inventions, Vol. 3, Mechanical Movements. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

THE PATENTOME IS FREE. AN EDUCAtion in obtaining patents. Established 1865. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, 713 7th St., Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

GET MARRIED QUICK. BEFORE YOU are too old. "Paradox," 21 years old, offers big prizes. Ladies and gentlemen, many wealthy and handsome. Impress your mail correspondence with opposite sex, all parts of world. Biggest, best, original select correspondence paper. Free copy. "Paradox," Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

PERSONAL—WANTED QUICK—NAME AND address of wealthy single lady who would marry wealthy lady who could assist him financially. Strongly built, well educated, write quick for more particulars. Address Alfred Warry (620), Valley, Neb.

MARRY—GET RICH AND PROSPER. Mailous. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people, wealthy, anxious to marry. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Kansas City, Mo.

A BACHELOR OWNS A NICE PLACE IN A pretty city in central Georgia. World certainly owes him a living. Let him explain. Address Abe Martin, 321 Dannenberg Ave., Macon, Ga.

MARRY—SEND 5c FOR CUPID'S FATHfinder, 6043 Calumet Ave., Chicago. Reliable, confidential. Copyrighted. Cupid, Inspector.

REAL PHOTOS, ARTISTS' MODELS, BATHing girls, etc. Silver dime brings sample and catalog. B. W. Shaw, 38 Bowdoin St., Boston.

MARRY—HUNDREDS RICH WISH MARriage; descriptions free; select your description free. "The Successful Club," Box 26, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory. Big list free. Correspondence Club, 1, Bonham, Texas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 26, Kansas City, Mo.

MEN, IF NERVOUS, WEAK, RUN DOWN, ill, write Cadeo Co., 1700 Lake Park Avenue, Chicago, for a trial package of Nervalin, the wonderful upbuilding tonic. Sent free in plain wrapper.

EVERYBODY SUFFERING PILES. Tinctula, Fissures, Ulceration, Constipation, Fistula, Itching, Protrusion, Hemorrhoids, painless, safe cure. S. U. Tarney, Auburn, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlication for reliable results. Eastern Agency, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET A MARRIAGE PAPER. MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

OLD FALSE TEETH. WE PAY $30 TO $5 to $5.00 a set. ... Dept. 11, Lemont, Illinois.

FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL'S mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Monroe, ... Chicago.

MATRIMONIALLY INCLINED—DESCRIPtions ... [illegible]

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tag on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 25 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Wise men get a lot of free instruction from fools.

Blunt men often make the most cutting remarks.

All the world's a stage, but some prefer automobiles.

Some men are hard drinkers, but others find it easy.

It's always a big bore for a burglar if the safe is locked.

"By their works ye shall know them," said the watchmaker.

There is nothing a man in love dislikes so much as a crowd.

When pride turns a man's head he's sure to look the wrong way.

It hurts some folks more to be lied about than to lie about others.

Old Noah was not a promoter, but he managed to float a lot of stock.

Dying in poverty is dead easy; it's living in poverty that bothers a man.

A woman will forgive a man anything but the fact that he doesn't admire her.

A postage stamp is on the tip of many a man's tongue who never talks about it.

It's better for a man to do a little kicking than to become a human football.

A man who doesn't talk has less repenting to do than the garrulous individual.

When a lazy man can't make a living at anything else he tries to get a political job.

A man who boasts he never did a foolish act in his life doesn't know what truth is.

Be honest, if you can—otherwise your patrons will buy their canned goods elsewhere.

Ordinarily men get better obituary notices than they are entitled to—but who envies them?

Clothes do not make the man, but the better they are the more attention he is apt to receive.

You can tell when a woman is interested in some man by the way she can pretend that she isn't.

A lady writer says that sleep is conducive to beauty. Perhaps it is, but there are a lot of homely policemen.

One of the unsolved mysteries is how two men can exchange umbrellas in the dark and each invariably get the worst of it.

"Give us the man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. Yes, verily! Deliver him into our hands and we'll do the rest.

There's something wrong when a bride on her wedding tour doesn't write home that she has the best husband in the world.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Porcelain flowers appear as trimming on some close-fitting bell-shaped hats.

New millinery colors are blue, turquoise, citron, salmon, blue, green, violet gra ated Du Barry rose.

Cashmere designs and cashmere colorings have been reproduced in shining sequined bands for evening gowns.

A good fashion rule to follow for the season is to choose 1830-1850 fashions for day wear, with early eighteenth century for evening.

A brushed silk sweater is a novelty in the sporting costume line. It resembles closely the brushed wool variety, but is lighter weight.

The revival of pinafore dresses comes as welcome news to girls who like to look well dressed without undue outlay. There are few garments more becoming than the well-made pinafore dress, especially to girlish, slender figures.

HEALTH NOTES.

A good long stretch immediately upon waking in the morning is excellent exercise with which to begin the day.

A small onion eaten before retiring will often induce sleep. The taste may be removed after eating by chewing a bit of parsley or a few drops of eau de cologne on a lump of sugar.

There is always more or less trouble with an invalid's tray unless one happens to be the possessor of a bedside table. One woman pushed a drophead sewing machine close to the bed, turned the cover back over the bed and found that she had an excellent stand for the tray.

Hair splitting is supposed to be due to a poor condition of the hair. Massage of the scalp and a general treatment for dandruff will usually remove the trouble. The ends of the split hair should be carefully clipped. Sometimes if the hair is shampooed to often the hair may become too dry and thus cause it to split. In such case apply a little olive oil or castor oil and alcohol to the hair.

RECIPES.

VIRGINIA HOMINY—Soak one cupful of hominy in water for twelve hours. Now stir in two cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of white pepper, one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika, a few grains of red pepper and one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter; now butter a mold, pour in the ingredients and cover it with buttered paper. This should steam for two hours at least. Serve this with a few fresh or canned red peppers on top.

APPLE SAUCE—Peel, core and cut in eighths tart apples. Add sugar to taste and a little cinnamon or nutmeg before removing from the fire. Barely cover the apples with cold water and cook gently in a granite-ware saucepan until well done.

SPICED PRUNES AND PEARS—Pare, core and quarter eight large pears. Press into each piece one whole clove. A five-pound bucket of rather firm prunes should be used for these many pears. Make syrup with one cup vinegar, two cups water, three cups sugar, one teaspoonful each allspice and cloves and two teaspoonfuls cinnamon. Boil syrup fifteen minutes; put in fruit and boil twenty minutes, or until tender. Can while hot. This is delicious served with meats.

BABY'S SLEEP AND REST.

The baby should sleep alone in its own crib, protected from flies.

Remove all clothing at bedtime and replace by clean, comfortable night clothes.

If the baby cries when it should be asleep, it is either sick, overfed, hungry, or uncomfortable.

Constant jumping or jarring of the baby is likely to hurt its nerves and upset its digestion.

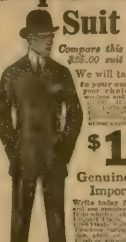
A very young baby during the first three months of its life must have from sixteen to twenty hours' sleep out of the twenty-four.

Never rock the baby, or use pacifiers or comforters, to put it to sleep. Never let a baby suck a nipple unless he is getting food thru it at the proper feeding time.

Never give a baby or children food purchased from pushcarts, hokey-pokey, ice cream wagons, etc. Give only the simplest prescribed foods.

See that the bedding, diaper and clothing are clean, smooth and unwrinkled; the room should be darkened while the baby sleeps, kept quiet and well ventilated. The windows should always be opened at the top at least six inches; in summer time wide open.

Unparalleled Suit Offer



Compare this suit with any $25.00 suit you ever saw!

We will tailor you a suit to your own measure from your choice of the newest patterns and models in our immense line of woolens and worsteds.

$14.50

Genuine All Wool Imported Serge

Write today for our Style Book and our samples of the latest fashion cloths.

Guaranteed All Wool

On Credit!

Write Today for Style Book

It is handsomely printed in full colors and shows the newest styles. We will also send you a large sample of the all-wool fabrics from which you have to choose.

BARSON BROS., Dept. 7017, 19th Street, CHICAGO

Relief to Ruptured People

Any appliance! A truss. Ruptured people must wear some kind of support. Our New Spongo Rubber Pad gets relief, soft to the skin, cleanable, cannot slip, extremely comfortable, adapts itself to protruding parts with less pressure, is sanitary, long lived. Massage and strengthens muscles, allows blood circulation and prodevents many cures.

New Scrotal Pad Needs No Leg Straps

Our new scrotal pad (left) is made of 10 cases of hernia perfectly without straps.

Free Sample Pads & Sample Above Spongo Rubber pad sent free. Measure around body 2 inches below hips. Write name plainly. Ask for catalog, or write us.

THE AKRON TRUSS CO. DEPT. 31 AKRON, OHIO

TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED

$10 UP

DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 11-1 Chicago

CATARRH

Is CURABLE

I Cured Myself

It Cured My Friends

I WILL TELL YOU HOW—FREE

No Ointment, Grease, Spray, Lotion, Salve, Things to Smoke or Burn and then Inhale—No Electricity, Massage, Vibration or Instrument!

Heals Day and Night!

Don't let anybody tell you that catarrh is incurable. What has been done, can be done again. Thousands say they were cured. You can be free, well and happy. Never mind what you tried or how many times you have been disappointed. Never mind how many wrong ways there are. You can find the one, RIGHT WAY—in your own, home, visiting or traveling, in public or private, free from inconvenience or loss of time.

Hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose-blowing, heart-burn, head-noises, cold, deafness, nausea, catarrhal dizziness, headaches and foul odors are as unnecessary as they are disgusting. Never mind how extravagant this promise of freedom may seem.

Get the PROOF! The Truth Counts!

You Can Be Free!

You don't have to use salves, pastes, greases, jellies, lotions, ointments, sprays, atomizers, nebulizers, electricity, massage, vibration, surgery, bandages, masks, plasters, things to smoke or burn and then inhale; baths, injections or anything else of the kind.

Drive Catarrh away! Keep it away! Be free from it! Feel the happiness of escaping its trying, disgusting effects.

Catarrh makes one a social outcast, a business failure, an unwelcome guest, even in one's own family. But the TRUTH is FREE. Ask for it—NOW!

Just Risk One Penny

Surely you can afford to spend a penny for a postal to get this Truth FREE! Just write and say, "Tell me how I can rid myself of Catarrh FREE." Address me RIGHT AWAY—TODAY—THIS MOMENT.

SAM KATZ, Suite A S 385
2909 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T WAIT!——DON'T GUESS!——BUT ASK TODAY!

Lone Scout Boys

Or, For Preparedness

By St. George Rathborne

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 42, October 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from newsstands, our agents or by mail from office of publication

CHAPTER VIII.

READY FOR BUSINESS

Cliff fell silent after that. Perhaps he realized that it was too much like uphill work for one fellow to stand out against five. Then, again, it may have been impressed on him that, after all, many of the things that were being done thruout the American land in the way of sympathy with the Central Powers were unprincipled schemes fostered by those who thought only of the end they had in view, and cared nothing for the means, or respect for neutrality, or anything else.

The minutes dragged, and presently Oscar announced his intention of snatching a few winks of sleep.

"Don't know how it is, fellows," he went on to say, "but I seem to feel awful sleepy just now. Of course, I was too much excited last night to get my regular amount, and it's beginning to tell on me. Wake me up if you hear the boys coming, please."

With that he rolled himself up in his blanket like a regular mummy, and if his regular breathing meant for anything Oscar was soon fast asleep. He had little weakness in that direction, and could go to sleep as quickest of any fellow in or around Walden. On that account Abner Kent never liked to put Oscar on duty as a sentinel, because he was certain to sleep on his post, and get into trouble on account of breaking the rules.

The rest sat there and occasionally exchanged a few remarks. As a rule, however, they maintained silence, each being busy with his own thoughts. It can readily be understood that these generally consisted of guesses concerning the ultimate result of their mission, in case they did try to trail after the pair of desperadoes who meant to cross the line and damage the cause of the Allies in the only way open to alien plotters.

Perhaps the Winkle boy was the most wary of them all, for several times he might have been noticed to lift his head as tho listening intently. Then he would give a queer little grunt of disgust, and sink back again as tho he had concluded it must be a false alarm. It was Wee Willie, however, who actually did discover the approach of some one before any of the others were so favored.

"Here, wake up, Oscar!" he said presently, giving the sleeper a little kick with the pointed toe of his shoe. "They're coming back, and I'd think you'd feel ashamed to be caught snoozing like that when there are such big things on tap."

Oscar immediately unrolled, but did not answer back. He knew his own weakness, and did not think it worth while trying to defend himself. The others were also on the alert by this time, every eye strained to catch the first glimpse of Abner and his lieutenant, Hi Henry.

"I heard the signal all right," the Winkle boy went on to say in self-apology; "and it wasn't a real screech owl whinnying, either. Guess I'm on to that little curl Abner always gives when he makes it. You would see if they don't turn up right away."

Here they come now," remarked Cliff, who had an extra good pair of eyes. "I can see two shadows moving this way."

Keep still then. How do we know but what it may be those men?" cautioned Luke.

All of them cowered there, waiting for the facts; but the period of suspense turned out to be short, for the next minute Abner's voice sounded in a low, cautious tone, and of course all knew who was approaching.

Even Oscar was wide awake enough now. With the coming of the spies there would learn more of the plans of the enemy, and could therefore figure on just what they must do in order to baffle their murderous plot.

"It's settled this time, fellows!" cried Wee Willie Winkle.

Yes, and it means to go," Hi Henry replied, as if he and Abner had made it up between them while on the way to join the others of the patrol.

"Then they're getting ready to start, are they?" continued the small Scout.

"Be off right away, and Abner says we'll have to follow after them for a while," explained Cliff; "and only too glad to be the one to impart this stirring information. "When we get to a certain spot we remember, we'll take a short cut he knows about, and in that way mebbe reach the bridge some time before they can while on the way."

"Fine and dandy!" commented Cliff, with considerable enthusiasm.

"Just like all of Abner's plans," added Oscar.

"But how about those border guards, fellows?" asked Arthur Kent.

"These plotters have been keeping tabs on them for some time now, and know just where every guard will be," explained the leader. "They've fixed it so they will be able to cross over the line without being discovered, especially on such a dark night as this one promises to be, which is one of the reasons why they've picked it out. Another thing, we've found out is that the heavy munitions train is expected to come along, which doesn't happen every day in the week, you understand."

"Whew!"

"What ails you now, Carl?" demanded Wee Willie, belligerently.

"I think of what it means to carry all that weight across the line, and back here once more," explained Carl. "Why, I am so near exhausted that if you'll be I shall drop off the perch, and fall into that river from the trestle."

"Oh! What do you take us for?" asked Hi Henry. "What ninnies we would be to try and lug our packs over there, and back again! Why, of course, we'll find a place to hide them around here; and when it's all over but the shouting we will just go and get them, and take up our quarters in the cabin yonder. For if all goes well those two plotters will be arrested by order of, by that time—a Canadian lockup, or calaboose."

"I am sure glad to hear that same news," continued Carl, sighing with relief; "and just as soon as you give the order I will put down my burden. It is a good thing to have in the night when you are sleepy, but a nuisance in the day."

"Speaking of hiding-places," remarked Cliff, "perhaps I could introduce you to something along that line you might fancy, Abner. That shopping big tree that stands right back of us now. I happened to pass around on the other side—"

"And you found it hollow," the leader interrupted to say before Cliff could finish the sentence. "Yes, there was a big hole in there when we came up, and we managed to take several fine pictures of the beast before he objected to such mean treatment of his habited cabin, and left for parts unknown. Just as you say, Cliff, that big cavity would make a great place to leave our traps. We can fix things so no animal will be able to get at our grub and clean us out."

"Oh, murder! I certainly hope so. That would be just terrible. How could I do any cooking without the first thing to put in the frying pan or coffee pot?"

That will came from Wee Willie Winkle, of course, but none of the others paid any particular attention to what he said, because in the first place they were too deeply interested in the plan of campaign which Abner was outlining; and then again they did not entertain the remotest suspicion that any animal would be able to create a famine in the land while they were gone on their mission of mercy.

"Come, let's get busy and hide the stuff we've decided it's time we were going to start off before long, and we want them to show us their scheme for getting across the line without being held up. After that we're going to shift for ourselves."

So each fellow hastened to make as compact a bundle of his possessions as possible. One by one these were dropped into the hollow tree. They could be heard to strike bottom down below, for the hole was something like six feet from the ground, and one of the Scouts had to straddle a limb so as to push the various packs thru the gap.

"Guess we can get them out easy enough, even if we have to force Hi Henry to climb down and hand the same up to us," observed Oscar, with that philosophical spirit so prominent in most boys, whereby they can always

31 PIECE GOLD INITIALED
DINNER SET FREE
For A Few Hours Easy Work

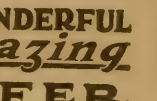
Every piece pure white, high grade china; blue edge and gold initialed. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to-the-minute and of unexpected quality. Guaranteed not to craze. Will add beauty to any table. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 18 Beautiful Art Pictures (with author text) for $1.00 each (as many as you wish) with 12 cans of White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c. each. Without using it for pride, eczema, catarrh, colds, piles, burns, etc. Send us the $3.00 collected and we get it paid. We've been making these offers for 30 years. The Wilson plan is the surest and absolutely easiest. No money needed. Simply send name and address. Pictures and Salve sent promptly prepaid.
WILSON CHEMICAL CO. Dept. 923 TYRONE, PA.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR or MORPHINE
Hebbta Easily Banished. "Hill's Chloride of Gold" Tablets will overcome any of these habits quickly and permanently. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, can be given secretly in tea or coffee. Particulars sent on request. FREE.
The Ohio Chemical Works, Box 514 Supplies, Ohio.

1916 Fall Suit Free

A WONDERFUL amazing OFFER

If you are a live, wide-awake man we want you to get one of our elegant Fall Suits, made to your measure, absolutely FREE. All we ask you to do is to wear it, show it to your friends, and take a few orders for our High-Grade, Made-to-Measure Clothes.



This Suit Made to YOUR Measure

$25 Extra a Week and Your Own Clothes Free

Does it look good to you *for a little spare time?* Write at once or simply send us your name on a postal and we will send details of this "STARTLING OFFER." We will also send you FREE a large assortment of cloth samples and dozens of fashion plates to choose from.

Nothing Like it Ever Offered

by any other Tailoring House. We don't ask you to spend your cash profits for your clothes. Ours is a wonderful offer. Write today. Be the first in your town to get this FREE suit.

SPENCER MEAD CO., Dept. 1203, Chicago

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET

Detroit Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, and relieve itching and dandruff."

Sister: Read My Free Offer!

I am a woman. I know a woman's trials. I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for home-hold duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and let me send you free a 10 ten days' trial of home treatment that has brought joyous, blessed relief to hundreds of women who suffered in a similar way. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how I cured myself of my ailments at home at a cost of about 10 cents a week.

If you suffer from any of these peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back or bearing-down, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, kidney and bladder weakness or constipation, irregular, painful and irregular periods catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, deadened spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles around the eyes, in the hollow of cheeks or a general feeling that life is not worth living.

DO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how thousands of women like you are easily and secretly curing themselves at home. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then must free all sick women. Only a postal needed. "Women's Own Medical Adviser," I will send you free, postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, 457 E. WASHINGTON AVE., SOUTH BEND, IND.

see prospective work ahead for their charms.

But when the last of the bundles had been thus stowed away and the boys were free, some of them heaved sighs of satisfaction.

"Glad to see, tho, Hi Henry, that you thought to keep your gun out," remarked Wee Willie Winkie. "I've heard that there are some whopping big bobcats and Canadian lynx up around this section, but how they'll get me if I'm not able to say. Still, if you do meet one of the critters in the woods of a dark night, let me tell you a shotgun isn't to be sneered at."

"Just what I was thinking, my boy," said the tall Scout, with a chuckle. "And then again if we should happen to get mixed up with that crowd of plotters a gun might help to cow them some. He's reckoned just as dangerous in the hands of a boy as a man."

"Are you all ready to move?" demanded the leader. "And if anybody happens to have any objections to being in our company, now might be the time for him to drop out. Once we start and the chance is lost for keeps."

"Give the word, Abner!" said Carl, sternly, and by this means he informed the Tribe leader that his mind was made up to the fact that the mission which his chums as Scouts had undertaken to carry out, and would stand by them to the last ditch, or no one had ever questioned Carl's courage or daring.

CHAPTER IX.

ACROSS THE BORDER.

NOTHING more was said. Carl had evidently come to look at the matter in a reasonable light, and saw his duty plainly before him. No matter where his heartfelt sympathies lay in the great war that was rocking the other half of the civilized world, for the honor of his own country he must do his best to prevent Uncle Sam from being embroiled in the awful maelstrom of battle.

If expeditions like this could be organized on the southern side of the border, and successfully carried out, how long would it be before the Allies must turn against the United States as an accessory to the act? Carl was intensely patriotic above all things, like many of those who have Teuton blood in their veins; and the leader of the boys had taken the best method of showing him why they must not under any conditions shirk their plain duty as Scouts.

So Abner led his followers carefully along until they discovered a waving light a short distance ahead. All of the boys could readily tell out that this was a lantern held in a man's hand. They even saw that there were two figures moving on the other side of the forest, and undoubtedly following a trail of some sort.

It was a difficult task the boys now undertook, for they meant to follow those two men until they had actually crossed the murderous border.

Presently the light disappeared, and as Abner had been expecting this he did not think it at all singular. Of course it would be the height of folly to keep a lantern lighted while endeavoring to slip past the vigilant Canadian guards who watched the line at various points where roads ran.

"Whew! What under the sun are we going to do now?" asked Luke, when darkness lay all around them.

"Oh! Abner's fixed this up in a job; keep your eye on him," whispered the confident Wee Willie.

He had hardly spoken when a peculiar little glow appeared on the ground close to their feet. It seemed to move this way and that, and Carl recognized the stick and weed, but nevertheless could not have been noticed very easily a short distance away.

"Oh! I see now; he's got that little hand torch along, and as sure as you live it's the best thing to follow a trail with," muttered Luke, evidently acquainted with the useful electric toy from personal experience.

Several of them crowded close to the leader and, bending over, examined the ground. They were delighted with the result, for the marks left by the shoes of the two men stood out in plain relief.

"Huh! No trouble at all following such a track," said Carl. "I am not the best trailer in the bunch yet, but I think I could go myself on a jog trot after that couple ahead of us. So much for Abner's long head. He does the thinking for the crowd."

Of course that was straining a point, because most of the boys were quite able to look out for themselves; but all the same they often depended on their leader to show the way out of a tangle, or to untie a hard knot.

Abner only asked them please to keep quiet, and to do as much talking as possible.

"It only adds to the danger, you see, fellows," he explained, not wishing to seem unduly harsh; "for we may get closer to those men than we suspect. As it is we've got to assume a certain amount of risk. Now string out in single file and follow your leader. Don't forget your Scout education either, mind you. A stumble might do us a whole lot of injury, besides barking a fellow's nose."

He kept the little glow fixed upon the ground, for the steadier it remained the less chance of it being noticed by watchful eyes. After him came Hi Henry, than Wee Willie Winkie, with the rest trailing along, each one keeping his place ahead to put out a hand and touch him if necessary.

It was not the purpose of Abner Kent to keep on in this fashion until they finally came to the railroad bridge, or else get chilled with the night work thus trailing. All he asked was to be shown the secret way across the border that the two desperate plotters had undoubtedly found out. Once on Canadian soil, and Abner had plans of his own for reaching the Dominion capital.

It seemed that on his previous visit to this locality he had made the acquaintance of a Canadian who regularly crossed the line before the war had broken out. The cabin he occupied on the other side of the border was a mile or so from the long bridge, and he had a secret trail of his own, a sort of short cut it was, by means of which he had been accustomed to avoid considerable distance whenever wishing to reach the railroad.

Abner expected to utilize this route once he felt that he had eluded the vigilance of the border guards. It was even possible, he thought with a fair amount of good luck, for them to arrive ahead of the plotters, which would give them an opportunity for a surprise visit to the guards of the bridge, so as to enlist their aid in baffling the designs of the two bad men.

It was such easy work that possibly they went forward quite as rapidly as those whom they knew they were following. Around them lay the dark forest, with the night wind crooning among the upper branches of the tall pines, and producing that singular melody that has come to be known as the "whispering pines."

Every fellow felt as tho laboring under a severe strain, and no wonder, when those were at great possibilities at stake. It might indeed depend largely upon their efforts whether that expensive bridge over the tall pines, the busy freight train, with its million dollars' worth of goods and munitions, scattered over a mile of territory by the force of the terrible explosion.

Surely that must be incentive enough to spur on Abner Scout and his big six level best. No doubt more than one of those boys rubbed his eyes again and again under the vague impression that he must be having a nightmare; because it did not seem possible that so wonderful an adventure could have come their way.

Once, when they chanced to stop for a minute, so as to give Abner an opportunity to scan the trail for signs ahead, and possibly to remove certain doubts he entertained, Ad Porter was heard to suddenly give vent to a half-choked exclamation.

"Great Scot! something bit me!" he whimpered. All of the others had hardly been thrilled by his words when Wee Willie Winkie quickly remarked in an awed whisper:

"Oh! excuse me, please, won't you, Ad? I really thought I was pinching my own leg."

"But what in thunder would you want to do that for?" asked the aggrieved Ad, as he rubbed the injured member ruefully.

"Why, exclaimed the diminutive Scout, cheerfully, "I confess I was beginning to believe I might be asleep and dreaming all this; and that pinching business is the only way to make sure. I know now that I'm awake, all right."

"And so do I!" muttered Ad Porter; "but don't you go to trying that on me again, you hear, Wee Willie."

"Well, we're across the line all right," announced Abner, as he got upon his feet once more, and his news, of course, pleased the others immensely. "I know just where we are at now, and as it happens that the cabin of that trapper is close by, we can soon find his secret trail to the railroad."

"It's a whole lot shorter than the one the men seem bent on taking, didn't you say, Abner?" queried Hi Henry, cautiously, as became a Scout in the enemy's country.

"He told me it was only one-third as long, and much easier in the bargain," admitted the leader.

"Then we stand a pretty good chance of arriving ahead of those chaps, even if they do have a lead on us," ventured Cliff.

"Don't bother me with any questions right now, fellows," Abner went on to say. "Maybe I've got to keep my wits about me so as to make no mistake. Once we strike the trapper's cabin and it'll be clear sailing from there on. But if I missed my bearings now our whole game might be blocked."

He was compelled to flash the light about him from time to time, because it became essential that he see their surroundings in order to pick his way. How fortunate it was that Abner had such a tenacious memory! Always good, he had by hard work managed to increase its capacity for memorizing things. Even the long months he had passed since the boy roamed this region, and the leaves being off the trees made a vast difference in the appearance of things, still he had counted on this, and the landmarks he looked for were more in the shape of peculiar tree-trunks and

Made-to-Measure

Express Prepaid $2.75

Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.

No Extra Charge for stouts, no matter how extreme you order them.

Agents wanted. Big profits for live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Complete outfit free. Write today.

We Pay Big Money to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our high class tailoring. Write today for beautiful FREE outfit.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO. Dept. 202 Chicago, Ill.

BOYS! WONDERFUL 20-CENTURY GIRLS!

X-RAY 10¢

BOYS! You want this. Great Gazing Stone! Shows bones in fingers, lead in pencil, you see through clothes, even bones in meat. Wonderful book can be seen. Think of the fun you can have. Send 10 cents for X-RAY and book.

HARRE & CO., 6141 University Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Beautiful Watch AND SIX CHARMING PIECES OF JEWELRY FREE

EARN THESE QUICK. Beautiful Watch, also one Gold pl. Bracelet, one checkered Pendant, set with Diamonds and Four Beautiful Rings. BIG VALUE. Sell 12 boxes white Chrystal salve at 25 cents per box. Return $3.00. Be first in your town. Write today for 12 boxes. The Wilson Chemical Co., Dept.16 Tyrone, Pa.

134,218 LONE SCOUTS

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE

SECOND DEGREE BADGE

THIRD DEGREE BADGE

MERIT MEDAL

In 53 Weeks, 134,218 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1916. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and Dr. Daniel Carter Beard was elected **Chief Totem** of the organization.

The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 1st, 1915. There are now Lone Scouts in every State in the United States, every Province in Canada, in Alaska, Panama Canal Zone, Republic of Panama, Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands and other parts of the world.

Lone Scout Badge

1 The Lone Scouts of America is a wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. It is not a military organization. It is a money-making proposition. There are no membership fees or dues to pay. There is no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The organization is conducted by the weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given to Lone Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by Lone Scouts 4 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

2 The motto of the Lone Scouts of America is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to the Lone Scout motto is going in the right direction. The purpose of the Lone Scout of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts), while permitting them to work alone if it is not convenient for them to join a Tribe. Woodcraft and scouting are only a part of the instructions in the Lone Scouts of America.

3 The Lone Scout pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, not excluding any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scout must be in the best of health and physical condition at the time he takes the pledge and take any drink containing alcohol, or smoke cigarettes.

4 Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. A membership card in the Scout work he is awarded Degrees, with appropriate Badges, and Degrees make up Lodges. The First Degree is Lone Scout, the emblem of which is a bronze badge bearing the figure of the Lone Scout Indian; Second is the Woodcraft Degree, the emblem of which is a bronze badge showing the Crossed Logs of the Council Fire; Third Degree is Lone Eagle and the eagle is shown on the silver badge of Degree, the last of the Tepee Lodge. Next comes the Totem Pole Lodge, in which every member is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is a record of his achievements for many Degrees.

5 For a supply of Membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,

500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date.....1916.

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith and I cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name.....Age.....

Town.....State.....

St. No., P. O., or R. F. D.....

Does Your Stomach Hurt?

Free—To Readers of This Paper 10,000 Bottles of Wonderful New Medicine.

If you have catarrh of the stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, gastritis, belching, sourness, nausea, mal-nutrition or stomach trouble in any other form, send for Stumeze. It has brought permanent relief and real stomach comfort to thousands. There is nothing else like it. Send your address, name of this paper and ten cents to pay postage and packing, to the Black Medicine Company, San Diego, Calif., for a free bottle. Thousands will send for Stumeze. The supply of free bottles will not last long. Take action now. Get your order in the mail today. End your stomach-troubled days. If free supply is exhausted, your dime will be returned. Only one free bottle to each family.—Advt.

outcropping rocks, such as would never change.

Step by step he led his chums along, seldom faltering, and even then quickly getting his bearings again. It was really a wonderful piece of woodcraft work, and some of the Scouts never could understand just how Abner was able to accomplish it, tho Hi Henry found no mystery in the exploit, he being a clever woodsman himself.

Then all at once they heard Abner say with a deal of satisfaction in his voice:

"Look ahead, fellows!"

He was holding his little hand electric torch in such a manner now that its ray pierced the gloomy shades of the forest beyond like a pencil of light. And there they saw a deserted and ramshackle cabin, with one or two old worthless pelts fastened to the door, and a dead and half-withered bush alongside.

"Ginger! If he didn't do it, after all!" muttered Luke, as tho he had been growing rather skeptical of Abner concerning Abner's ability to attain the end he sought.

"Then this is the old cabin you said the trapper called Hawk's Nest, is it?" asked Wee Willie; for since they were now beyond the border, with its attendant scouts, they felt they could talk a little with reserve.

"Yes, and we'll strike the secret trail just beyond," Abner told him.

Apparently time was worth something to him, for the leader did not lose a precious minute in looking over the spot where he had spent more than one pleasant hour in communion with his trapper friend, whom he had since learned had gone to the front when the call came for recruits.

Just as he had promised, he was able to show them the trail leading from the deserted shack and running toward the north. No foot had pressed it for months now, since the man of the traps was undoubtedly in the trenches over in Belgium, or at least in an English training camp, preparing for taking his place in the battle line.

"He was a man of splendid physique, even if his hair had turned gray," Abner told them, as he once more started off; "so I reckon they looked on him as a good one to use a gun. I understood he joined a regiment that had been recruited out in the Canadian Northwest Territory, and was made up mostly of cowboys and members of the Mounted Police, so Tom McGregor was in his element among such fellows."

They could now look forward to covering a mile or so of territory before reaching the railroad at the long bridge. It would test their powers of endurance somewhat, for like most short cuts this one passed over rough ground, whereas the road taken by the two men followed the easier route.

Of course some of the boys felt very tired, but the excitement under which they labored served in some measure to cause them to ignore this fact. They always had a reserve stock of grit and determination to fall back upon in an emergency; and then, besides, with such an aggressive and positive leader there could be no such thing as backing down for them; pride would not permit it.

Abner had to keep on the lookout so as not to lose himself, for since no human foot had pressed that crooked trail for many moons, it had become somewhat hidden under fallen leaves and such forest debris.

They had not left the cabin more than six or eight minutes when something not down on the bills came to pass, and almost without warning.

"Oh, Abner!" exclaimed Luke, suddenly, "turn your light over to the left, please. What under the sun can those two queer yellow sparks mean? Why, I believe they must be the eyes of an animal crouching on that limb, and a Canadian lynx at that!"

CHAPTER X.

PERILS ALONG THE TRAIL.

TAKE care, boys! He looks ugly!" cried Cliff Aimwell, excitedly, for he really had about as little use for cats of all kinds as he did snakes, and that was precious little.

"If you can hold that light on him, Ab, I could spot him with my gun!" remarked Hi Henry, apparently making strenuous efforts to fetch the weapon in question, and which was the only firearm in their possession, to bear upon the crouching lynx.

They could even see the odd little tassel-like ends of the animal's ears, the most of the time he had those appendages drawn back against his head as he continued to snarl viciously.

Before the leader could decide whether it would be a wise thing to discharge a gun just at that critical time, the beast settled the matter for himself by leaving the limb and making a great leap.

Immediately there was a hurried scattering of the eight boys. They may never have had a personal experience in fighting an ugly Canadian lynx, but at least they must have heard stories of the animal's ferocity and battling powers. They also knew what keen claws all members of the cat tribe possess, and how they are capable of doing lacerating work, once they get busy at short range.

As luck would have it the lynx had aimed to drop between Carl and Wee Willie. In the beginning each of the Scouts had managed to secure some sort of staff with which to assist themselves over the rough trail, picking these sticks up wherever they happened to run across them. Thus it chanced that while virtually unarmed so far as real weapons went, at the same time Carl and the smaller Scout could hardly be called defenseless.

When a sudden call like this comes there is no time given for thought. Action must be voluntary, instinct taking the place of deliberate planning. Hence it was that each of the two boys, upon seeing the cat leave the limb and swing in their direction, immediately fell back, and got busy with their sticks, stabbing the air violently in hopes of striking a disabling blow.

Of course it was now simply out of the question for Hi Henry to make any suitable use of his shotgun, anxious tho he might be to utilize it. He could not see the terror of the pines, for Abner was unable to keep the lynx covered with his light, focused to make but a diminutive circle at close quarters. Besides, it would have endangered the lives of the other Scouts for Hi Henry to attempt to shoot.

Carl and Wee Willie were working their staves like flails, while the cat jumped back and forth in a lively fashion. Thanks to what little Abner was able to do with his light, they managed to obtain fugitive glimpses of the erratic beast, and thus succeeded in landing many a smart blow on its back or sides.

All this was being accompanied by numerous excited shouts that must have aroused considerable wonder on the part of any person overhearing the same; for besides the pair actually engaged some of the other Scouts joined their voices in the medley.

Twice did the energetic Carl succeed in actually knocking the cat in a heap, altho his blows were not severe enough to finish the beast. The brunt of the fight seemed to fall upon his shoulders, and manfully he stood up under the strain. If any among his comrades had hitherto been disposed to entertain doubts concerning the courage of the German-American lad, they must have been effectually set at rest after seeing how vigorously he wielded that club, and landed his blows one after another on the springing and snarling lynx.

Those same blows held considerable of "ginger" in the bargain, as Ad Porter was able to testify; for once in his desire to assist the fighting comrades he managed to get in the way of a sweep, and carried a good-sized lump on the back of his head for several days in consequence, besides seeing more stars than he had ever imagined existed in the heavens above.

Perhaps had the combat continued much longer that bold woods "varmint" might have been exterminated, for Carl would never give up. The lynx must have come to some like conclusion, for finally it vanished from view, tho the boys could hear its fierce snarls near by for a brief period of time, as tho it disliked owning to defeat.

This most interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Taking No Chances.

Willie hung back when the visitor spoke to him, and his mother was naturally annoyed.

"Won't you go to Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"No," replied the boy shortly.

"Don't you like me?" asked Mrs. Brown, good-naturedly.

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed his mother reproachfully.

"Well, I got licked for not tellin' the truth yesterday, and I guess I ain't takin' any chances today," protested the youngster.

Our 21 Jewel SMASHES PRICES

Look!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
Adjusted to isochronism—
Adjusted to positions—
25-year gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only $2.50 A Month

And all of this for $2.50—only $2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. And if you wish, you may pay this price at the rate of $2.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exhorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. You don't buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers' skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

Every fighting vessel in the U. S. Navy has the Burlington Watch aboard. Many have over 100 Burlingtons and a few have over 200. This includes every torpedo boat—every submarine as well as the big Dreadnaughts.

Send Your Name on This Free Coupon Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of over-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 5017 Chicago, Ill.

Burlington Watch Co.
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 5017 Chicago, Ill.

"Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Last chance at old prices—Dire prices will go up will be announced. Write at once for cash coupon.

Laconic Style.

A lawyer noted for his laconic style of expression sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill:

"Sir: If you pay the inclosed bill you will oblige me. If you don't I shall oblige you."

A Wasted Life.

"What do you think of Mr. Gasserby, 65 years of age, starting to take dancing lessons."

"Poor old fellow!" sighed the tango fiend.

"Pathetic, isn't it?"

"Yes. Consider all the years he has lived without knowing how to dance!"

Had Regard for His Canticle.

"Why do you hide, Johnny?"

"I hide to save my hide," replied the boy, who had hied him hither from a wrathful parent.

Correct, One Way.

Teacher—"Bobby, spell 'yesterday.'"

Bobby (with his eye on the calendar)—"W-e-d-n-e-s-d-a-y."

A Bad Picker.

"She's been divorced twice."

"Had bad luck, eh?"

"No, good luck, but mighty bad judgment."

Evaporates.

"Pride goes before a fall."

"Maybe it does; but it goes a lot quicker after one."

Last Picture Appears Today in the $4,000 Cash Home Picturegame

But You Have Until December 31st to Submit Answers

Now Is the Time for You to Enter and Play the Game---This Is the Way for You to Start

1—You can secure the complete set of 24 pictures all together now.

2—You can secure the Catalog of Titles, alphabetically arranged, and containing all the titles you can use. You just go thru this Catalog and pick out the titles you think best fit the 24 easy pictures.

3—You can secure the Reply Book in which to write down your selected titles to the pictures, and which permits you to make three answers to each picture.

The 24 pictures, Catalog of Titles and Reply Book are all you need to enter and play this great $4,000 Cash Home Picturegame, and we will give you this complete Outfit FREE if you accept our wonderful offer below.

$4,000.00 Cash Prizes to the Winners in This Game—You Should Find It Easy to Win One of the Big Cash Prizes—You Can Start Right Now

1st prize	$1,000.00 in Cash	4th prize	$250.00 in Cash
2nd prize	$750.00 in Cash	5th prize	$125.00 in Cash
3rd prize	$500.00 in Cash	6th prize	$75.00 in Cash
7th prize	$50.00 in Cash		
504 other big cash prizes, totaling in all	$4,000.00 Cash.		

Full prizes paid all final tying contestants.

Today Picture No. 24 appears. It is the last of the series. Do not send your set of answers until we notify you to do so.

Go over the pictures and the titles you have selected carefully. You've plenty of time to turn in your set of answers. Read Pages 7 and 8 in the Reply Book; they tell you just how the checking of the sets of answers will be done. Tear out these pages before you send in your set and keep it at home. Every one must keep at home a duplicate list of the titles each submits to the pictures.

PICTURE No. 24

Forestalled	Usually
Locating the Trouble	Wet
Clearly His	Proof Lacking
Dignified Retreat	Placing the Blame
Enlightenment	Winter Pan
Experience	Composite Product
Feared Water	Enjoyed It
It Is a Way Women Have	Evidence
Looking Backward	Fatal Failing
Move Puzzling	Height of It
Overcoat	Little Ones
Reasons	Money
Home Moving	Not Like Humans
Sticklers	Proof
Temporary	Slumber Cue
The Absentee	Sports of Winter
The Boat	Storm Center
The Reminder	Temporary Reverse
The Variety	Theatrical Socialism
The Wise Child	The Catch Phrase
The Wedding Day	The Symptoms
Why Men Leave Home	Time of Lent
	Views

Why go thru a mixed-up list of titles when you can get the convenient Catalog of Titles, alphabetically arranged? Why make up your own answer forms and draw the pictures, when you can get the handy Reply Book in which you simply write down your answers, and which permits you to make three answers to each picture? You'll find the Catalog and Reply Book will save you time, money and labor.

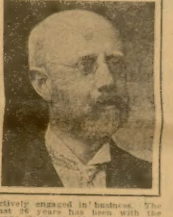
The Farming Business is conducting this Picturegame, but every one is invited to enter and play. All have an equal chance to win. We will, on request, send you the Rules showing how to compete expenselessly, but why not accept our offer and get the Outfit and play the

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO WILL ACT AS JUDGES

Their names stand as an absolute guarantee of fair play to all.

JUDGE CHARLES M. THOMSON of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, is 59 years old. He was educated in the schools of Chicago, graduated from Washington and Jefferson College and the Law School of Northwestern University, being admitted to the Illinois bar in 1876. He was elected a member of the Chicago City Council in 1904-1910-1912 and was then chosen as a member of the House of Representatives of the 63rd United States Congress. Was elected judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, in 1915, which position he now holds. For ten years he was Superintendent of the Sunday School of the Lakeview (Chicago) Presbyterian Church and is now teaching an adults' Bible class in the Lincoln Congregational Church of Winnetka, Illinois.

MR. H. C. FULLER, Assistant Treasurer of Crane Company, was born in Aurora, Illinois, and served as Deputy Circuit Clerk and Recorder of Kane County at the age of 17. In 1875 he came to Chicago and ever since has been actively engaged in business. The past 28 years has been with the Crane Company, 15 years as director and is now the assistant treasurer.



MR. HENRY S. HENSCHEN, cashier, State Bank of Chicago, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., graduated from the Chicago College of Law and received degree of LL.B. at Lake Forest University. Mr. Henschen served from 1911-1915 as acting consul for Sweden at Chicago and, on request, was made Knight of the Royal Order of Vasa by King Gustave. For eight years he has served the State Bank of Chicago with deposits of over thirty-one million dollars; ten years as manager of the bond department and assistant cashier and the past eight years as cashier. He is also treasurer of the Union League Club of Chicago; trustee and treasurer of the Chicago Academy of Sciences; member of Chicago Bar Association; member of City Club and Bankers' Club of Chicago.

5 SETS OF ANSWERS

The Rules permit every contestant to send in as many as five different sets of answers. You should at once take advantage of this opportunity to increase your chances of winning the first prize of $1,000.00 Cash. Don't leave out any of your possibly good titles. Submit all the titles you have found in the Catalog that you think might even possibly fit the pictures. You can secure an extra Outfit in which to submit an extra set of answers for $1.00, and besides your subscription to The Farming Business will be extended for one year, and we will send it to any one you wish. Get an extra Outfit and submit an extra set of answers.

The $4,000.00 in cash will positively be awarded, and fairness is guaranteed to all. The Home Picturegame simply consists of going thru a list of titles (all the titles you can use are to be found in our Official Catalog), and selecting the titles to fit the 24 simple pictures. Then you write your answers down in the handy Reply Book, and you can make as many as three answers to each picture. You get into this game now and win your share of the $4,000.00 Cash.

You have UNTIL DECEMBER 21ST to submit a set of answers, and if you get your Complete Picturegame Outfit NOW, you'll have plenty of time to play the game. Gather the folks around you in the long evenings, and all of you play the game. It's fun for all, and think of what you'll [illegible] your share of the $4,000.00 Cash. Start

OUR SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU ACCEPT IT TODAY WITHOUT FAIL

We will give you free the entire set of 24 pictures, the Catalog of Titles (from this Catalog you pick out the titles you think best fit the pictures), the Reply Book in which to write down your answers, and which permits you to make three answers to each picture.

IF YOU WILL JUST SEND US $1.00 TO PAY FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FARMING BUSINESS.

You couldn't spend a dollar to better advantage. You'll enjoy the game, and it's such an easy way to get hold of a big cash fortune. You have just as good a chance to win as any one.

ORDER YOUR PICTUREGAME OUTFIT TODAY

Picturegame Outfit Order Form

Picturegame Editor, The Farming Business,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I inclose $1.00, for which send me The Farming Business for one year, and as a premium send me FREE the Complete Picturegame Outfit, consisting of all the 24 pictures, Catalog of Titles and Reply Book. I am going to try to win one of the [illegible] Cash Picturegame.

"Taking It Out of —the Farmer"

The Minneapolis Journal says:

"Congress has passed a law raising the wages of the railroad trainmen.

"Who pays the bill?

"The farmers of the country are discussing this question seriously.

"They begin to understand that a considerable share of the extra millions to be paid the trainmen by order of the President and Congress will come out of their pockets.

* * *

"The railroads claim they cannot pay the bill. They were willing to concede the increase *if freight rates were increased accordingly.*

"To this the President agreed in principle, though he could not pledge specific performance.

"Accordingly, Congress ordered the wage increase and at the same time directed that a commission be appointed to see whether it was justified.

"If this commission finds the wage raise justified but also reports that railroad income is not sufficient to bear the extra burden, it is evident that the public must furnish the money.

"That means to a large extent the farmer, for his products form a very large share of the country's freight.

"Now the average income of the farmer as computed by the census bureau is $1.47 a day, out of which he must support his family.

"There is no eight-hour day for him, in spite of the 'judgment of society.'

"Early and late he and his family are at it, with no kindly Congress to reduce the hours of his labor.

"Naturally, the farmer is not well content with the prospect that he must pay more to get his products to market, in order that one of the highest paid classes of labor in the country may have a raise of twenty-five per cent."

Republished by
Republican Natio